

THE INWARD JOURNEY:
SHAPE AND PATTERN IN OTHER RILKE OF HEINICH

BY
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THE ORAL JOHNNY:
SHAPE AND PATTERN IN SAMBA KILIS OF AFRICA

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The Paraverse which opens SAMBA KILIS OF AFRICA pur-
poses the paraverse's attempt through to present "the shape
of a country and the pattern of a society's action." Taking
direction from this declaration, this analysis presents a
formalist concern with "shape" and "pattern" throughout
the narrative. An examination of the opening images of the
work reveals underneath seemingly hazy and at a cultural
crossroads, surrounded with her view of the world. See,
the orichon view from the cross, identifies the hope to
transcend the earth, to be above its processes. The alter-
native is the lateral view from the heavenly land, which
acknowledges and accepts the earth as where existential man
must live. The Christian vision being found bankrupt, the
narrator shows the regular perspective. From that on,

his journey through Africa articulated the process by which he built himself of the tradition of the novel and proceeds to create his own story as an individual.

The *novels* and *prose* of the African writer supply the means by which the narrator's journey is recounted: the *novels*, the *compositions*, the *topography*, and the *novels*. These active guides conduct separate aspects of the narrator's *novels*, aspects which correspond to distinct phases in the narrator's growth. The first guide reveals his *novels* pupil in the realm of the body, the second in the domain of the mind, and the third in the power of the imagination. The combination of these three *novels*--the *novels*, the *compositions*, and the *novels*--is used to produce a whole new that enables the narrator-in-*novels* to eventually write the account of his journey: *THE NOVELS OF AFRICA*.

The two *novels* *compositions*, the narrator's wife P.O.M. and his friend Earl. *Compositions* is indicative of their husband and friend's progress under the *novels*. Each represents a different part of the narrator's psyche, acting as an *novels* eye. The *compositions* emerge into the foreground of the story when the *novels* shattered about them and return to the *novels*, and return when these *novels* return.

The *novels* guides and the *novels* *compositions* move across the landscape of a landscape whose prevailing form exists the *novels*'s story as an archetypal level. The most dominant topographical feature is the road the *novels*.

travels upon, which is equated with the inventive, domesticating urge to migrate. The road takes the narrator's steps through a succession of archetypal natural forms: the Milk Valley, the burning plain, and the green sloth land. An overview reveals that these stages constitute advances in man's relationship to the earth: from the primitive nomadic stage, to the quadrilaterally-shaped hollow, to the quadrilaterally-transformed hollow shelter, the earth proves responsive to man's designs.

Just as the African earth dynamically structures the narrative with its shapes, so do the major animals of the safari with the patterns of their horns. For example, the caribou lends the more elongated rhinoceros, whose "horn" is really a fleshy prolongation of its nose, when he himself is extended in the direction of the body. The notion of whirling remembered as the course of the safari--the Deadwater, wind, eyes, water back-splashing preludes to the most luminous of all the horned game, the kudu and the sable. In a closing examination, these two animals are considered as aesthetic phenomena. The pair together allow the narrator's imaginative vision. In the extraordinary forms of their horns, the caribou sees the workings of the life process itself, the spiralling coils of the body evoking the evolutionary thrust of generation, the sinister curve of the sable, the inevitable and necessary consequences of death.

PART I
LIVING IN THE WORLD: BEYOND THE CASES

The Form in the Landscape

We were sitting in the bistro that Waldemar had been had built of twigs and branches at the edge of the mill-pond when we heard the truck coming. At first it was far away and we could not hear the noise yet. Then it moved slowly nearer, unmistakable now, louder and louder still, announcing in a clank of iron interposed engines, it passed close behind us as we sat by the pond. The theoretical one of the two teachers stood up.

"It is finished," he said.

I put my hand to my mouth and watched his back.

"It is finished," he said again and opened his arms wide.

20 The Science of Formative Robert Schöen and Robert
Following Schöen that "the human cognitive . . . the relation-
ship on physical spatial system has . . . tended to replace
the objective."² One particular human cognitive, Form
Ways of Living by Robert Schöen, struggles with just such
a replacement, demonstrating the death of the "objective" world
view and handling the meaning of the "subjective." Such a
transition is accomplished on every level of the work, gener-
ally, imaginatively, stylistically, and it is all presen-
ted by the fierce sense of the narrative.

The larger background for this scene requires a time of enormous change, for Grand Fila is not in a comforted position. The affairs inside of the narrative is caught up in a natural turmoil, the imminent onslaught of the rainy season ("the rains were moving north each day from Honduras"). This natural upheaval happens to turn a social war, the migration of peoples along routes away from the danger ("all along the road we passed groups of people making their way to the westward"). It is against a backdrop of change on mechanical, seasonal, and populational proportions that the narrative opens. The subsequent story grows out of the end of the opening landscape. The narrator and traveling party have left their car to sit, waiting for gas, on a blind beside the road. As they wait, another--~~traveller~~--traveller passes along the road. His appearance inspires one of the party to his feet, arms outstretched and mouth open. The elements of the vignette are few and stark, yet they resound through the narrative: the road, the blind, the two vehicles, the figure that stands cruciate over the blind and the figure that waits within the car. This crucial juxtaposition of forms marks that moment of great transition when the narrator of Grand Fila--the interested individual--is born, and a new world with him. It constitutes the essential act of the narrative.

The story the narrator of Grand Fila tells is that of chance, and the manner in which he tells his story rediscovers

his subject. In the introductory essay to Penelope and Sir Galahad, Virginia Baker examines Schenck and Mellogg's discussion about the decline of the archetype and the ascendancy of the later-born symbol system in European literature in its more specific application at the hands of Mellogg.

He seems easily to have rejected the arbitrary limitations of symbols which are not actually present to the system at hand. . . . Instead of connecting other texts and literatures THE VIRGIN symbol, he chose rather to allow the object or scene or person whose function was to be symbolic to provide its meaning through a process of association which* by which the terms of the ongoing narrative.

This method characterizes all facets of the creative process as work in Green Hills of Africa by permitting an object to "gather its meanings" only by the progress of the narrative, the narrator implements on the narrative plane the story of movement he is telling on all other planes. The method by which such an object gathers values may be observed in that ground image which made its way through the green hills. We read

The procession of people passing along its length designated the road as a thoroughfare for life:

Still along the road we passed groups of people making their way to the wilderness. Some were naked except for a grassy cloth draped over one shoulder, and carried bows and pointed quivers of arrows. Others carried spears. The women carried umbrellas and wore draped white skirts and their women walked behind them, with their pots and pans. Baskets and loads of skins were scattered along ahead on the heads of other natives. All were travelling away from the bush. (pp. 14-15)

The variegated signifier is an indistinguishable proof of humanity. The diversity of nationalities and cultures present in the novel affords a panoramic display of civilization, incorporating advances from capitalism to socialism, from primitive wars to household accomplishments, from simple hunters to family entrepreneurs. The people who provide the narrative on the road have made their contributions to the story of the West--the repetition of the work "nearly" constantly evokes the human hands that stitched the robe, shaped the pot, wove the cloth. By that array of progressively more sophisticated activities, the road assumes a temporal, evolutionary function. The linkage of the road to time and change illuminates the narrator's relationship to the scene. Like the people of the procession, he reveals an affinity for the road. "watching the road, the people, and all stirrings in the back of your," he, too, drives in the westward. Like the hardy-hobo hunters whom Dostoevsky he follows, like the stream of people he joins, the narrator is a hunter, a wanderer/wanderer in the story of the West. Clearly, whether they be physical implements for solidifying the environment or intellectual ones for circumventing material determinism, the narrator inhabits a world of fabricated forms. The point at which Great Bill of Rights appears--with its first word the sweeping, all-encompassing "all"--picks up the story of twentieth century Western man. It designates the point when the narrator enters the story of the road, the

moment at which he joins the procession of sea-to-land and accepts the challenge to shape his own future.

It is along this crucial stretch of road that the varying dimensions of the change appearing Green Hills are delineated. As the narrator waits for game beside the road, a truck "moved slowly nearer . . . until, appearing in a kind of loud irregular explosion, it passed close behind us to go on up the road." Later, as the hunting party arrives to camp in the narrator's car, their hunting spoiled by the vehicle's presence,

we saw a big fire and as we went up and passed, I rode out a track beside the house. I told [the driver] to stop up to track and as we backed into the firelight there was a short, heavy-legged man with a bygone face, looking steady, and an open shirt standing before an unhooked engine. . . . (p. 4)

The pattern traced out in the opening sequence by the narrator's car and the "exploding" lorry accords in miniature the larger change transpiring in the narrative. The three hybrid hybridomorphous images in Green Hills, the road, nature as an indication of human invention, track vehicles, as human inventions, travel forward upon the road in the degree that they manifest the progressive impact of the road. The vehicle not always present in Green Hills at Allida, even in the Captain's remarks of the virgin land in Part IV (p. 334), but through other cars and tracks of the same safari world difference, some affirming is reserved for the narrator's

car, and most of that at this initial stretch of road. This short span of sandy tracks marks the only overlap of the journeys of the car and the lorry. The absence of one vehicle and the delivery of the other is laid out in the topography and chronology of the scene: in a finely choreographed manner, the young narrative (having advanced beyond the lorry), must back up in order to reach the immobile vehicle of the glare driver.

In the dynamics of the road, momentary signals (such as immobility) indicate depletion. As enacted in their pas de deux, the overlapping with--and then the suspension of--the lorry by the narrative's car signals the disjunction of the values associated with the former vehicle and the emergence of new values associated with the latter. The identification of these values is established by the "process of transmission" during Baker's drive. In the language of the vehicles, their associations are accomplished by rhetorical employment of the tool of juxtaposition. As the human party member is the blind, the disabled lorry plows by on the road:

The theatrical use of the two tractors
stood up.

"It is finished," he said.

I put my hand to my mouth and widened
his drive

"It is finished," he said again and
spread his arms wide. (pp. 1-2)

The juxtaposition of the guide's speech with the traffic on

the road provides the vital mechanism of this scene, most fruitful is the infinitesimal reference of the process to the guide's speech. This linguistic leeway enables "it" to function in a multiplicity of ways. The most obvious reference for "it" is the tank machine, which the truck has just spoiled. But the essential overlapping of the guide's viewpoint with the progress of the vehicle also allows "it" to refer to the tank itself. The lorry is certainly as "finished" as the burning. Soon after passing the survivor, the lorry made its surprising journey beside the road. The vehicle fails not because its body gives out but because its engine--the working center--is no longer valid. "Is you think it could be the liver? It sounded as though it might be a ticking clock when you were past us," the narrator volunteers. Given the temporal context of the road, this diagnosis of problems with time and change plays out exactly the moment of the lorry. A sense of forward motion that once was operable is not now, missing what its driver, the European Embassy, calls "a tank crime of death inside."

The values associated with the vehicle are then labeled mechanistic. Among all the vehicles on the island, the tank Embassy driver is specified as a "lorry," one of the few institutions prevalent in the narrative and a tank reserved in the only for this particular vehicle. This European identity is reinforced by the location of the lorry's driver, a man who insists "I represent European organization."

To the European identity is added a Christian one as well, by the allusion of both the words and the passage of the guide to the dying Christ on the cross ("It is finished," he said . . . and spent his time with."). The echo by the lorry driver of "It is finished" ("When lorry is finished") seals the identification with the crucifix. Thus, "It" (European civilization), "It" (the religion that fed that civilization)—all the "It"s associated with the town are finished. The vehicle seems to part off the road, its weight as he heaved away, corpse-like, by a track from the safari.

The collapse of the lorry by the car signals the transition from a Christian to a secular world. Again, the indefinite reference in the guide's speech provides the means for such a transition. Lacking a stated reference, the pronoun "it" may also be self-reflexive, referring to the allusion itself the guide provides. For so, the self-reflexive pronoun turns the guide's pronouncement against itself. In this case, the "it" of "It is finished" is the civilizing itself—now "it" is finished. The Christian view of the world, proffered upon the moment of death when a human being passes from the existence of earth into an other-worldly one, is dead. The transcendental thrust of Christianity is absolutely and categorically denied by the initial image of Green Hills of Africa. In the earlier blind when the narrator discovers his, the narrative has

assured an abundance of waiting, but what results from this waiting is not the supernatural agent followers of the creative forces have anticipated for nearly ten thousand years, but rather a new human being--born of the earth.

The place by the side of the road from which the messenger issues forth to walk the land of Africa and to tell his story commands attention. The guide who rises like a cross does so as the characters and actions are

sitting. Lending back, lower high,
heads low, in a hollow half full of
silence and dusk, whispering through
the dried leaves and thin branches. . . .
[p. 11]

The first observation to be made about the hollow beside the road is that it is as much a non-space domain as the square and sidewalks which dot the African road. The first sentence of Chapter One declares the character's origin: "We were sitting in the blind that Wankaroko hunters had built of twigs and branches. . . ." These twigs dig the hole and placed the vegetation. But unlike the other products of man's hands, the blind by virtue of its size and function assumes added importance. The walls and cover of the cavity provide shelter for the hunter. The resulting completeness with which the hunter unfolds his human relationship likens the shelter to a classroom, to a world. The character of the blind as an isolated form lies in the way who shaped it. The Wankaroko hunters introduced is the first sentence of Chapter One. The following with a prominent introduction,

Wanderers prove elusive sources in the narrative. One wanderer aimlessly wanders through the green hills, leaving traces of his journey (p. 141-2), but not until Part IV does one appear to arrest the reader. However, the initial space-work of specific wanderers evokes a broadening of the initial term to include all who have wandered in the earth and broods their wander to leave open. The hollow by the side of the road functions as a stage in the human flowering of the road. The distinctions mark the positions reached by the wanderer/wanderness who preceded the narrator, the distance of the world from which green hills of Africa outside

This unfolding begins with the very first word of Chapter III-- by beginning with the word "we," and thereby delaying a direct identification of the addresser of the focal process, the text reaches out and incorporates the reader into its plurality, into the world. The inclusive nature of the "we" places the reader most centrally within a human structure--within the hollow of the narrator/wanderness, within the first process narrative of the narrator/wanderness. The hollow serves as a stage in the events of the road where old values are stripped off and new ones assumed. Its analysis provides the background for two processes at work in the narrative, the decision of the "narrator" world view and the initial starting of the "wanderer." The hollow marks the conjunction of the two processes, its critical nature punctuated by the terms of life and death. What is

revealed by the physical appearance of the blind, described as "a hollow bald ball of ashes and dust." In depicting the missionary work of Christianity, biblical allusions in this passage appropriately deal only with death: e.g., the corpse of the crucifixion and the "ashes and dust" ("ashes to ashes, dust to dust") that partially fill the cavity. Most importantly, unlike the artifacts the natives carry upon the road, the man the carrier occupies no longer functions: he goes to and is never brought from the blind. Yet, as his description implies, the blind is both a tomb and a womb. Surrounded by a human crowd and half filled with decayed matter, it certainly appears a grave. But in the same time the curve of its shape suggests a woman, and its gaping hole is filled with a white matter also, "sitting-lounger back, lousie back, lousie back, lousie . . . lousie," stresses the position of a fetus. The cocoon-like hollow, dug from dust and covered with "chill leaves and thin branches," presents to the witnessing eye an image of death. Yet within that dark dwells the miraculous kernel of change, a vulnerable/wonderer carried like an unborn child and gifted with the same impulse to move and grow.

THE TURTLE DROPS THE GREEN: RADIATING THE FUTURE

As the lousiers leave the blind empty-handed and head back toward their camp, they pass in the light of a moon-like flint a "small, badly-legged man with a Tyroler hat,

leather shorts, and an open shirt.⁷ The driver of the limo, suddenly appears only in chapter two, the narrative overlap of the car and limo journeys. He is a European capitalist, having left his native Austria for an African plantation, and looks a wanderer like the narrative. But although this European has wandered geographically, he has not wandered imaginatively--no matter how many miles into Africa Banditsky may have travelled. His mind is still in Europe. In their racialistic vision, the Russian mayor too and the Austrian Banditsky represent the opposing forces in the war World War II that coincides with a large part of Banditsky's conversation at lunch the following day (pp. 21-22). His involvement with the military likens Banditsky to another veteran of that same conflict, Frederick Brady. But unlike the Russian counterpart who walked away from the conflict, the Russian has not had his farewell to arms. In a sense, this conflict still rages in the evening of chapter one between the Russian and the European, between an individualism and an authoritarian non parva.

Banditsky always exists as a member of a large group. In a break of self-approbation the authorial narrator has approached us with:

"I represent European organization. I came here from organizing committees of the workers. Those times have-- in the depression, I have been away from my family for three months. The organization is organized. You do it as a work as usually, but it is not an imagination." (pp. 17-18)

his life represents itself only through the many organizations in which he has attached himself. One such strong man is the German cross of World War I. An American, Keadley volunteered for the German army and served under Von Leiber's command. Two years later, he continues to display the same allegiances that motivated that act. For this reason, more than properly provided on that conflict, the very ideals that generated it, the abstractions of "patriot" and "duty," no longer operate in the post-war world. When Keadley seeks indemnification for the African plantation he lost and reinstates those abstractions as his reason for fighting, he is told, "that is very beautiful, but you cannot hold us responsible for your noble sentiments." Keadley's last plantation is somewhere off the larger world that seemed to exist at the end of World War I. Somewhere off of land and nations, he has reached the hells of Africa.

One vestige of Keadley's military service survives in his concern with titles. He painstakingly addresses the party's white hunter as "Colonel" Phillips until they convince him "it's a blunder, by the way. We use those military titles as nicknames." The hunters have adopted a public familiarity to a private, effusive, and very intimate, however, is never known by anything other than his last name. This preoccupation for titles reveals a pervasive idea in the former soldier. The European is almost totally rooted in his relationship to the world. As one would expect of a

man who offered his life for abstractions. Similarly as the
quintessential man of words. The European looks upon people
 only as functionaries of the structures he establishes, a
 perspective which is formulated in the language he uses.
 Avoiding any expression of a private self, he never allows
 the familiarity that goes with first names or nicknames,
 but rather perpetuates the strain that by using titles of
 the more distant family comes. By his use of words Kennedy
 also preserves another structure, the social strata, caused
 by an East Indian for whom the European--now a manager--
 remains a native workforce. When the narrator turns again
 Kennedy in the limelight, the speaker states "In a world
 of natives," that large black distinction between "manager-
 as" and "worker" sets up Kennedy's world outlook. Far from
 acknowledging individuality, he perceives the native African
 only as a tool to be employed, as primitive as he mind
 only as "my man" or "the boy." One cannot imagine such a
 man enjoying a relationship like that the narrator shares
 with the guide Henry in Part II or O'Call in Part III. The
 effort to which the writer has overshadowed the latter as
 revealed within that most personal of structures, the fam-
 ily that unites the Kennedy at the social strata. The only
 wife is a household of three, he does not participate the
 Kennedy view. The proprietary "my wife" and "my daughter"
 was missing.

Deposed as the head of a shamba, left with a failing vehicle ("This lorry is finished, . . . It was all that moment of my shamba," . . . "It is all gone except that lorry"). Kadiaky is chiefly distinguished in Chapter One by an unwillingness again of loss. The vehicle upon which Kadiaky enters the narrative is a relic of lost battles, lost position, lost values—a lost world, Kadiaky faced with the dilemma of change. Kadiaky reacts with a conservative instinct to shore up against that loss. Unable to take the transition into a new world, he tries about himself the shards of the past, trying to reconstruct the Old World as the new world of Africa. This effort at reconstruction begins with small details of food and feeding custom and ends with an all-encompassing world view. For instance, the day after the narrator passes Kadiaky's farm, the Austrian announces, "Tonight we will have a special dish of Viennese dessert. My cook has learned to make it very well." Such an offer conjures up the image of an African more familiar with croissant tarts and kaiserschmarrn piled layer upon layer of an over-falicious tartar! The offering of exquisite individual value prices against the plentiful red meat at the Austrians' fingertips.

This attitude of determined indifference to the land before the land Kadiaky to seek not only bodily but intellectual nourishment from distant European sources. When Kadiaky first meets the AUSTRIAN by the fire, he recognizes

sis of "the dashing" of Guerrillas, from (the narrator explains: "The Guerrillas was a German magazine I had written [for] . . . years before I could sell anything in America"). For now in the heart of Africa, suddenly songs the people he knows only through words, "the great old Guerrilla group" of writers, "the people one would use if one was when one wished to use." The narrator—having made decided, "I did not wish to destroy anything this man had, and so I did not go into these brilliant people in detail," from their very first encounter on the road, the dichotomy between word and vision, between what Kaulsky believes from reading to be true and what the narrator knows empirically to be false, shapes a major lesson in the narrative.

Kaulsky is about going into Africa. Just as he perceives the structure of the poem with his language, so he denies the living processes of the present. The very first word his European others in Long Billie of Africa is "no," and repeating hallmarks each of his responses thereafter. He says "no" to the natives, preferring to develop the quiet forms and songs ("It is always interesting. The natives and the language. I have only books of notes on them") rather than learn from their indigenous knowledge of the land: "no" is the negation of the flesh the narrator offers ("I never drink. It is not good for the mind"), driving the publisher to insist, "no? you ever want to change your mind?" and "no" to the book, giving himself

he not killing game ("the life of the wild. This is not killing work"), while killed to the army of his own dream as he 'whip[ed] his leather-branded badge,' this "handling" of the tyrant parts."

The European wanderer, possessed by the pain, makes an effort to discover the present world that lies before him or to adapt himself to the new environment. Instead, he merely grafts the old onto the new:

"I have lost everything here but I have more than anyone has in Europe. . . . [I]n reality, I am a king here. . . . I attend now both and the boy plucks the cock on it. . . . I follow the cock down and he attacks the other cock. [I] stop -- -- like my drivers which are paid for me. Don't you think that is very wonderful?" (p. 11)

"I am a king here." It is not far from Planchon's detour and Giroux's journey to this shocking assertion. Keneally has transplanted the whole of the European wander in African soil. Perhaps a wanderer, he has lost the capacity for wonder, aspiring only to duplicate the same hierarchical, static pattern in every facet of his life: champion of a world cause, proxy agent of an African dictator, patriarch of a subservient family. In each and every manifestation of his life, the individual is subordinated to the organization.

The very limited Keneally's perspective on the world the view from the ground. Such identification stems from the speaking situation in Green Hills when the guide who reveals

the crucified Christ stands up in order to die on, towering over his death-directed disciples. The juxtaposition of the guide's vision with the movement of the ferry suggests the European driver's Christian heritage, the tradition which determines his way of looking at life. His point of view--the view from the abyss--is literally and philosophically above his earth. It is the perspective of the uncreated Christian God who resides not in, but above, the world, beyond the reach of change. And so is that perspective which dies in the blind.

THE VIEW FROM THE BLIND: THE VOYAGER

KNOWS AND KNOWS--verbal confirmation of one's place in an ordered universe--one's movement in handling a world. The same is not true for the narrator. His public identity, as "Hemingway" arises for the first and only time in correspondence with handling in Chapter One: "Hemingway is a name I have heard. Where? Where have I heard it? Oh, yes. The diagonal." Hemingway's response to the narrator is to label him the "poet," and drop him on the European scene not the American individual before him, but rather a pre-conceived notion of the "Hemingway" should be: "why should my man shoot a hole? No, an intelligent man, a poet, to shoot holes." It is no surprise that Hemingway's characteristic use of language to explore the imagination of this artist fails. At the end of the longest conversation in the

activity of the character (p. 12-13). Kaddish is an attempt to make contact with that talent that he has at their disposal meeting on the road.

After the episode with Kaddish in Chapter two, the narrator returns to consciousness for the rest of the novel. In Kaddish's verbal lapses underneath, Green Hills is not the story of a man, but the story of a human condition such as "European organization." The significance of the absence of names is strengthened by the absence of physical description of the narrator in the text. He has been ill with amebic dysentery (p. 181) he has scars (p. 119). But for all the attention paid to the rest of the body, his well-being and functioning, the narrator is as faceless as he is resistant. Such an absence forces the reader to look not at the narrator, but through his eyes, to assume his point of view. The achievement of that point of view is a central victory of Green Hills of Africa. From the moment the guide in the kind of man, "It is finished," the reader inhabits a relativistic world. The validity of any omniscient perspective oscillates with a Christian universal collapse, to be replaced by that of the individual. The world of Africa's green hills is not the world of its separate beings and but of the "I" who tells the story of the journey thereafter. When the writer adopts the view from the killed man, the view from the spirit, the horizon over the horizon, a new story is born as well as a new mythology. Green

Hills is an Idiosyncrasy, told by an unknown agent of untyped possibilities.

The transition from an omniscient to a heterodiegetic world view is reflected in an important visual element of the narrative, the twenty-nine illustrations (fourteen of them four-page spreads) that punctuate the text. Just as there is no set piece of description about the narrator, so there is no sketched one. The drawings are characterized by the careful scrutiny they bring to all their subjects, whether animal, entire, or human: the fish (pp. 10-11, 120) and horses (p. 121), Sisyphus (p. 141) and the old man of Part IV (p. 142), Pop and P.O.D. at Lake Maryton (pp. 124-25) but the sketches are particularly valuable in their treatment of the narrator. There exist no portraits, no drawings that probe far into his "character." Rather than existing as a completed vision before the narrative takes place, the narrator becomes during the unfolding of it—by his interaction with the panorama of Africa, he creates himself. Given this emphasis on self-realization, the drawings reveal such consistency the narrator's variation of certain basic situations. For example, the human hand, as the seat of the intelligence, is not isolated from or separated apart from the body. Instead, the drawings present whole-body silhouettes at a distance—the narrator enters gravel into the landscape (pp. 21-2, 126-7). The green hills thus furnished do not constitute a lost world like

that of handicap, but a world with which the narrator is very much at ease. The narrator's relationship to his world, the key relationship in the narrative, resides in the part of speech underlining relation, the proposition. The first proposition is the task of being, which is "in" ("We were sitting in the hotel that Henderson had built"). The relationship laid out is that word resonance through the story of the story, from the first proposition to the last--in the last word, in fact, of the narrative. The relationship of "in" between the narrator and his world determines the topographical inquiry of the African landscape: the narrator opens in the hotel, moves in the house inside of the road. In fact, "in" serves as the very nucleus of the narrative itself. It is from the in point of view--that of a first person narrator, who is an active protagonist, whose main activity is writing--that the narrator travels from back of Africa, the imaginative answer to Hemingway's intellectual "books of origin."

That style is inquiry, the first paragraphs identify from back of Africa as a story of movement. The narrative opens in motion, runs the progressive first verb, "were sitting," indicates continuous action; and the inquiry suggests such action: into the world of the narrator comes a truck passing along the road to white houses. The question of this genre is the narrator's experience quickly becomes

evident. The story of the road, in this case an African safari, lends itself readily to the telling of this narrative. Being a tale of outward movement, it easily renders simultaneous inner movement of the protagonist. The journey through the green hills is not a mere succession of experiences one after the other. It is a dynamic cycle of the qualitative personal growth the hero must undergo.

All elements of the safari function in this model-- the guides, the companions, the animals. The African journey divides into three segments, each under the scope of a particular safari guide. These three segments of road correspond to phases in the hero's maturation, a process of which the guides are limited promoters. The native that serves a segment is endowed with certain talents and weaknesses which he evokes and nurtures in the hero. Thus the hero's fully acquired inner life skills, the native master takes from the animal and the hero's advances to more advanced stages.

The hero's reports with the guides is seen in the company of Olsson and Smith, his stay in the African environment coinciding with his recovery from a European disease.

Already I had had one of the diseases and had experienced the necessity of visiting a HIRAO-LICH SON of my large intention with some old water and medicine in back which it belonged to some forest except at times a day. There were remedies which saved this and it was still worse when through for what I had seen and where I had been. (p. 101)

The three guides who supervise this arduous journey are healing-therapy, M'Cola, and the Wendwoko of Part II -- present in their approaches to life a pattern of health. By placing himself under the mentorship of these three and incorporating their lessons into his life, the narrator survives illness and achieves wholeness. The nature of the guides' lessons stems from the death knell sounded in the opening scene, "It is finished." Among numerous subjects, the interiorian persona "he" refers to the self-fulfilling subject of the manifested itself. With the finalization of the manifestation, the mortification of the flesh glorified therein also ends. The narrator is an inheritor of this Christian tradition, as evidenced in the diseased condition of his own body: in order to achieve beyond the deepest tradition of the cross, an individual and cultural healing must be created. A significant trait of the narrator's perspective is that none of the natives guiding the safari exerts its claim authority. This clear division places great emphasis upon the sequence in which they guide the narrator: his first steps along the road follow those of M'cola, from whom he learns the wisdom of the body. This prototype and most elemental of the guides leads the narrator in the final book of Part II from the roadhead camp of Chapter Three to the Fifth Valley of Chapter Ann. With the resurgence of sensory health, the narrator next comes under the sway of the older guide M'Cola, who stresses

preliminary in Chapter XII. McGale presents the narrator with an alternative to the (presumed) inevitable capture in Harding. He offers a marked outlook oriented not to immediate trials, but to reported observation of the world's events. And, finally, the narrator travels in Chapter twelve with a guide at his side known only by his tribal name, a Wandurko.

The brief span of the third guide's involvement (he returns on the last scheduled day of the safari) and the prophetic nature of that mission (he bears the long-awaited news of both war and peace that sparks the narrator into renewed support that the Wandurko furnishes him as a personality and more as the qualities suggested by his name. The first sentence of the narrative ("We were sitting in the blind that Wandurko hunters had built") places the narrator centrally in the tradition of these hunters. The entire follow constitutes part of the legacy of the Wandurko; the writer himself is his tribal name constitutes further.

These qualities equip the American wanderer to act as he speaks of the wanderers in CHINA, HILLS OF AFRICA. The first acquaintance of Wandurko, "no wander," describes a wanderer moving through his world. The word promises no destination. It focuses not on an end to which the journey and surroundings are merely incidental, not on the eventual destination of movement. Rather, "wander" celebrates the pleasure of movement and the time in which it takes

place. To this story of the road the homeric journey "to wonder," contributes additional dimensions. The narrator brings to bear upon his environment that spirit of inquiry and observation raised by the meaning of the journey, "to speculate." This dwelling, this pause to see marks the adventure of the I/eye newly linked with the wandering shelter. And finally the journey furnishes another of his definitions, "to find wonder." With the return of physical health and mental perspective, the creative family also wells up within the narrator, infusing the vision of Africa with a narrative cohesion. At the close of his African journey, the narrator has achieved an inward wholeness that will soon produce the vision that is green fields of Africa.

Notes to Part I

¹Ernest Hemingway, WOMAN WHO WENT UP (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925); pp. 1-2. Further citations will be given in the text.

²Robert Scholes and Robert Bellamy, The Versions of Narrative (London: Oxford University Press, 1974), p. 28.

³Charles Baker, "Introduction: History of the Novel," in Novels and Film Criticism, ed. Charles Baker (New York and San Francisco, 1963), p. 23.

PART IV
LIVING IN THE PAST

THE NARRATOR'S COMPANIONS

The imagery of the African safari provides the metaphor for tracing the journey the narrator takes toward death and outer health. The components of that mechanism, the native guides, natives and poas from the ranks of the hunting party. Moreover, another component, the companions of the safari, are contained in a world of change, there at the beginning of the African adventure and there at the end. Consequently, they perform a different service in chronicling the narrator's story. The natives provide over long-drawn periods of growth and then stay within the narrator's reaches and then exceed the limits of their expertise. Moreover, the companions set an alarm upon the narrator. The volume that clusters about each one and always present in the narrator's psyche the companions come to the fore as the story when those voices are being emphasized in him and disappear when those voices are de-emphasized. By such foreshadowing and story-changing interplay, the companions provide an indicator to the narrator's progress. The Americans accompanying the narrator leave the continent, F.O.M., his wife, and Earl Silver, his friend and fellow

hunter. Much of the "action of hunt" is the second chapters of Part II stems from the friction between the hunter and the companion Kari. Chapters three and four contain the first skirmish in this conflict, a skirmish fought by means of the chase alone.

Just as the guides acquire significance by the sequence in which they conduct the safari, so do the major animals of Green Hills by the sequence in which they are hunted. The prominent species never overlap; a wilderness is killed only in Chapter Four. The African rhino is the first big game encountered in the flashback of Part II, an animal free of associations in Western culture. Instead, the wilderness gains its importance from the American hunter who pursues it. This importance begins with the initial sighting by the hunter from a hilltop:

[Hill] Five o'clock we did not see anything. Then, without the glasses, I saw something moving near the shoulder of one of the valleys. I heard a whirr of the bushes. In the glasses I saw a rhino, showing very clear and minute at the distance, and colored in the sun. Moving with a quick wavy-like motion across the hill. Then there were about more of them that came out of the forest, back to the shadow, and was that fought. Again, in the glasses, pushing forward, fighting in front of a group of bushes while we watched them and the light faded. (pp. 41-42)

Just as the animal of Part I springs from the blind inside the mind, so that of Part II springs from the

sighting of the ship. The place and the manner by which it delivers the narrative indicate the importance of this scene: the scene are sighted from the flesh green hill to from hills of Africa ('we . . . climbed, crawling, the small, steep hill on the right to sit there with our backs against the hilltop and gaze the . . . green, pinnated country'), and their entrance is described strictly within the language of a vision. Prohibited by distance and rough terrain from physical contact, permitted access only by "the glasses" that are so carefully mentioned in those of the four sentences of this passage, the narrator can contact the gaze only as an image, only aesthetically. So, in this, the unified part of the Report section of the book, a gaze described as "from" even though no gaze is taken, the narrator also stop the flesh green hill of his story and receives a vision that appears designed to touch the entire reader of events in Part II.

Details of the four scenes glimpsed from the hill substantiate the comprehensiveness of this vision. In the final book, letter and color realities work together; the three objectified outwardly the inner state of his perception. The dynamics of the narrative are governed by a finely-tuned correspondence between the seen and the sensible they portray: the characteristics and behavior of the night-after illuminate subtly yet profoundly the desires and desires of the readers. The correspondence

between the two is established in several ways, beginning with names: a lead rhino followed by a herd of three marks the plastering rhino hunter Pog and his American hunting party. In addition, on a Park whose chief action derives from conflict between two hunters, the animals they pursue are the only beasts in the entire safari to be observed fighting, and fighting between themselves as well. By the pastoral time set up between red and white, the "two [rhino] that fought, finally, in the plains" place the ongoing competition between the hunter and Karl squarely within the context of a hunter-kill battle between two dominant males.

The rhinoceros emerges as vital from its very first appearance, trotting vigorously out onto the hill and flushing vividly before the narrator's eye. "red-ruined is the sun" red, the color of blood, of sexual life, distinguished the rhino throughout the hunt. But even more important is the source of that color. In F.D.R.'s query, "What makes them so red?" Pog replies, "Killing is the red." The narrator's rhino, too, shows "reddish red." From the rhino walks in the matrix of the earth, absorbing its coloration and energy from as earthly, and a celestial, origin.¹ And the pursuers of the rhino are infused with the same vigor as the game. Much is made here in camp after the rhino sighting about the

baritone' and talking in "slow, slow, quadruple meter." Such immediacy befits a protagonist born of an avaricious blood.

Along with the above-mentioned components of the narrator's killing vision--the place and manner of entrance of the characters, their preoccupation and side-view rather than full-onness and repeats the analogy between partners and predator. There must be a confusion of gaze which "beats us," just as do the speaker and Mary in their rivalry for the hands of the game. For a more comprehensive clash between "beats" is involved, a conflict between the sexual outbursts of the two hunters. When Chapter Four comes to a close, each hunter has bopped a shine, and each shine embodies that particular hunter's conception of the other's playboyism.

The narrator's first observation is this animal:

There he was, long haired, heavy-eyed, proboscis looking, the body like vulcanized rubber and daintily transparent, swarmed with a hairy beast. More absurd than the birds had looked at, his legs thick, round, and jointed, like heavy-legged ticks crawling on him, his ears filled with hair, like pig eyes, with growing on the base of his nose that gave not distant from his nose. (p. 78)

The narrator's observation of his chick is singularly vivid and rich in particularities. In fact, this passage constitutes the initial vision of the game hall scene in *Gravities*. What begins as several animals viewed from afar as a dominating landscape has narrowed to one specific animal confronted

in all the immediacy and impetuosity. Just as they did in the possession of natives along the road in Part I, animals play an integral role in the events of the rhino hunt. The impulse that brings the narrator down from his hideout onto the side of the rhino strikes him as closely with the blindness by which he first discerned the animal as with the gun that failed it. This episode on the instrument of sight gives equal import to the narrator's role as artist. In the act of learning to focus, to distinguish the individual from the herd, the eye of the writer undergoes substantial refinement.

One of the details revealed under the narrator's scrutiny of the rhino concerns the animal's physical condition: its skin is "marked with a badly healing wound where the birds had pecked at." Besides identifying this mark as one of the festering sores flowed from the Hill, the scene also marks the narrator's prize as no perfect specimen, but rather as a participant in and witness of the conflicts of the world. In addition to rejecting an other-worldly standard of perfection, the physical state of the rhino bears witness to the animal's mortality. Once the Christiania promise of immortality fades, the question for the existential wanderer/wonderer becomes how to live in and with the consequences of the world. That tale is the lesson on which the narrator is enabled to substantiated by his own likeness to the

THIRD. Of all the concrete descriptions in Green Hills of Africa, little of it deals with the narrator. The only clue he retains about himself is that he, like the rhino, has been ill used, like the rhino, been scorned:

My own scars were all infernal, some
irregular and appalling, others simply
puffy welts. I had one on my forehead
that people still commented on, saying
if I had bumped my head. . . . Jp. 130

Thus both hunter and hunted emerge as creatures buffeted by experience. In a major function the animals of Africa perform in Green Hills, the rhinoceros stands as a stage in the growth of the narrator. Scorned, the narrator interprets the conditions of twentieth century, post-Charlarian life; wounded, he sees and learns the lessons of the body that will result in healing. This sensory orientation is indicated by his immersion with the beasts: he looks at and describes the whole body of the rhino, reaching not just the prize of the head and horn, but the complete animal. The story of Part III, then, develops out of the narrator's need to grow into a wholeness of body, to not only survive in the world, but to flourish.

That the rhino indicates growth in the narrative is borne out by the vital cart movement close to the hunt. There is a dynamic movement, initially as much one as the narrator responds to the challenge of the "sandy red" game ("I was very excited at seeing him"), but one that

trying, then one of either mounted or hunted depends upon his ability to anticipate and then go with the response of the rhino.

He showed, leaping into the air, his
 shoulder tilted skyward. Thinking of
 one thing, that the shot was perfectly
 possible, but that I must land his
 spear, must get ahead. I got on his
 back, and shot at him, and appeared
 off. I heard the splash of the bullet
 and, from his back, he turned to
 splash forward. (p. 70)

The narrator demands, and receives, the best of the
 hunter's skill (the hunter is "nothing more, that was a
 ball of a shot you made on him though, brother"). The
 results of the narrator's effort, that extraordinary
 show of proficiency called forth in the one-on-one
 confrontation, stresses that the progress of hunting
 depicts the hunter's pursuit. He does not walk away
 with the "best" rhino, with another trophy-in fact--
 while the opposite gives the condition of the rhino
 and the risk of his hunt. What he does walk away with
 from the rhino hunt is the internal victory of having
 met, and met, his own challenge.

THE HUNTER'S THOUGHTS

At the same time the narrator faces his thoughts
 on an encounter of far-reaching dimensions. The other
 American hunter on the safari, his friend Earl, also
 brings down a rhino. And just as the first hunter

reveals the depictions of the survivors, as the second reveals those of Hail:

There was the newly covered head of a
 thing that was a rhino. He was inside
 the skin of the one I had killed.
 The little eyes were shut, and a fresh
 drop of blood stood in the corner of
 his late nose. The head looked
 enormous and the legs swept up and
 back in a fine curve. The hide was
 on back where it hung in a
 way behind the head and with its shorts
 where it was cut in directly aligned
 manner. (p. 82)

The overwhelming feature of Hail's character is
 consistent to the narrator's is that this animal is already
 dead when first viewed. The immediate rhino character
 is born devoid of intention between hunter and hunted.
 Hail does not touch the animal through the hills and
 streams of his own ground, but stumbles upon it "just
 before of camp"; likewise does he draw upon his skill
 as a rhinoceros in the confrontation, rather drawing the
 animal with an undetermined "Fire or six [shots], I
 guess." When the narrator looks out from the green hill
 at the spectacle of the battling bulls before him he
 notes in their "head-on" conflict the same battle of
 Hail's he fights with Hail. He becomes aware when he
 reports his rhino, his mind is instantly he values the
 existence of the world in Hail's conscious wholeness, a
 wholeness which necessitates consideration of and for the
 body. And so with Hail. "The newly covered head," the

"sawtooth" head, "wide dead, head-pressed" thing--Karl pursues and triumphantly captures the head of Lando; literally chained, his stink bags emptied of all traces of life. The quantitative considerations of "skin," "bulk," and "length" work mainly in the public realm, a skin here to show some sportsman's skill. Yet qualitatively the prize is as hollow as its skin. Lacking all individualizing characteristics (no ticks, scars, or sharp horns), the commodified head represents the nullification of the hunter's private and personal achievement.

The discourse that typifies Karl's approach to the hunt is expounded in two similes that appear in the description of his thimbleweed. Both figures reveal the distinction of the skin's most salient features, the red color. In the first instance ("a dark drop of blood stood in the corner of one [eye] like a tear"), the color that flashed so vividly between the hunter's eye from the killtop tree as this specimen assumed the form of curved. In fact, the weeping head of "this huge, head-eyed mawed of a thing," dressed by a shroud of hide, functions nothing so much as a tragic mask. The second simile documents the usage of this regression. In Karl's mind, "the hide . . . was as white where it was cut as freshly sliced hamsteak." The figure performs a double function. A food metaphor, it ironically describes a creature whose purpose (meat food upon his kill). Karl's insensitivity to wildlife

the body as unattained when his plan to capture a leopard with the blind women is thwarted by a provoked lion. But even more significantly, the startling whiteness the narrator describes about the hole presents a conscious blinding of the vitality that is distinguished the miracle of the hill as their original vision. For when Fleming throws voice or dramatic intention contact with the earth, red appears in this scene only as blood spilled at the hands of Earl ("The man stabs with eagerness and I saw he had been working hard and his hands"). It is confined to the spot of this chinaware scene that, with eyes as blind as those of the dead queen, Earl cannot perceive of the vision of life the carrier perceives in the opening pages of Part II.

The workings of the brain head that resembles Chin chin are set forth in the passage that marks Earl's entrance into camp:

"Whatever you say," Earl said. His mind was suddenly dimming eight black days of hill climbing in the dark, not before twilight, but in dark, thinking no more of what he would say, then remember, with laughter in when he had no confidence, coming back to get alone, of this to when he would talk, his wife who looked silent and then maybe only. And how was his day and how was his job, and goodness it was when they had shot if he missed you when he got shot, he wouldn't, you never caught when it was really important, he was sure of that, that was one of the things of his faith, but what if he got caught

and killed, and why didn't he get any
 MILES, when did the guide say anything
 for that time. They did, he knew they
 did, but he said nothing of all that,
 only, "Whatever you say," a little
 hesitatingly. (p. 42)

This paragraph delineating Karl's thoughts upon the
 looking he has just completed stands out in the narrative
 for, except for the use of the third person point of view,
 the passage is an interior monologue, the only use of
 one kind in the book. By its structure, that of an
 essentially one-sentence paragraph, the monologue trans-
 mits the feeling of a "word . . . revealing."

Firearms, of course, constitute an necessary a part
 of the outfit's equipment as vehicles and tents and,
 like the other elements, contribute to the complete
 costume of the hunt. In at least three separate instances
 in the journey through Africa, the double-barreled shot-
 gun and the Springfield rifle owned by the caravan figure
 decisively as crucial turning points of the narrative's
 journey. However, the gun suggested in Karl's monologue
 ("His mind was busily revolving night black days") is
 the first to introduce firearm imagery. That suggested
 weapon, the revolver, draws attention to itself and to
 Karl himself, beside the larger shotgun and rifle, it
 is not a standard hunting instrument. As a metaphor this
 particular gun illuminates the dynamics of the mind of
 the hunter. The revolver signifies action that is circular

and repetition. Earl's meditation upon his days in the hills follows precisely this pattern, picking up a detail (the "bushill" where he would not have remained?), worrying with it ("god-damn it, where were they?"), and returning to it again ("what did the guide say they did for that time, they did, he knew they did"), with no programmatic or rhetorical pushback through the mind's ruminations. The admiring phrases beginning and ending the passage ("Whatever you say," "Whatever you say") reinforces the mental ruminations.

The Christian with words which prevails in the monologue typifies Earl's approach to Africa. He wishes his guide to become he understands a guy. He becomes a lack of compassion because there is no one to talk to alone, among forty individuals; he is haunted by formulated things he must live up to; and he languishes, in the heart of Africa, from a lack of letters from home. His preference for words hinders a full experiencing of the wonder of the wilderness, the few sensory references in the monologue relate only hardships suffered in the process. As captivated as he is by the trip, Earl is not by hand.

Appropriately, this head seeks out its material from indigenous to a man of words, the cornerstone of the western civilization. He mentioned above, this literary style is peculiar to Earl alone in Green Hills of Africa.

In addition to identifying his kind of mind, the sociology also suggests Kael's state of mind: the utterance of a lone speaker, the soliloquy represents the estrangement resulting from Kael's visual obsession. So too is the subject in Kael determined above that Kael, deprived of wife, job, and home, adrift from the continent he traverses and the people he meets, obsessed with only one kind of a mind-focused quest. When a lone hand can be reduced to the image of a revolver, that mind is a mind concerned. But the sociology of the revolver takes an even more familiar direction. The mind, or more precisely that intellectual kind of mind which prevails in Kael, exists as a weapon, as a means of visible action within the world. The importance of such a word is carried through in the image of the revolver, its association with blacks, its action with mechanical.

If certain traits found in the limited Kael seem familiar, that is because they have been encountered before in the narrative. Kael is the intellectual genre's cousin of "Descent, Revolution, Revolution, and Company," the American of whom the narrator stated in Part I, "You [would not] prefer that they had knives. They had minds, yes. Rich, dry, clean minds." And he is the first cousin of the European Intellectual in whom the narrator made this observation: "unusually, perhaps between the European

and this American should. The personal situation of each man includes a general lack of wife, job, and money. Earl's name mixes Kennedy's in the Germanic spelling, and both men indulge in sentimental ideas concomitant with verbal man, conventional in Kennedy's case and the unspoken philosophy in Earl's. The initial and deeper of the link between these two men becomes even clearer in the chronology of Green Hills. One recalls that Part II, "Paradise Re-constructed," is told as a flashback. Therefore Earl's story leads the hills (of which we see only the return) and Kennedy's journey along the road (of which we see only the end) coincide. The narrative connects itself with Earl and his story when the Western man concerned is Kennedy leads way.

Earl, of all the hunting party, most resembles the narrative in age, sex, and skill, and the groundwork for his function as an older eye is laid out early as the narrative's observation of the two male rhinos locked in territorial combat upon the green hill. The outcome of the battle between the verbal values Earl expresses and the visual ones the narrative is learning rides with. More respective chronology, the American soul connects with itself as its two ends merge as a contrast of such consequence that the very earth is alive between them.

The event for dramatic measure most historic is the politics of the hunt when the two hunters scrupulously

divide up the territorial "haunts" between themselves. Kari and the narrator never have the big game together, and the supposed infraction by the narrator upon Kari's territory triggers an explosion in the latter in Chapter Eight. The narrator extends from Africa to America: "He made up what look to me as if I would never keep him in the same small town where we lived. He had wiped his eye." But it assumes its most powerful proportions in the topographical feature which commands the landscape of Part II, the Rift Valley. The sentence which introduces Kari into Part II designates this landmark as his destination:

The hunters were to bring Kari to turn his back camp where he intended to be getting dispirited, or discouraged, or both, and he could go down to the Rift Valley the next day and kill some more and try for an oxpe. (p. 82)

From this first appearance in Chapter Three, Kari's very presence recalls a rift.

That the difference between these two seemingly similar and should evok such dissimular reactions a crucial cleaving of allegiances within the narrator. The model for this deviation crops up in a chat between Jackson Phillips and the narrator the night immediately preceding the third kill.

Now you pointed why the rhino was all gone. Each day we had more and more and we discussed whether it could be the full moon, that they had not as

right and were back in the forest
in the morning before it was light,
or that they killed us, or saved
the men, and were simply shy and
kept in the corner, or that was it?
He putting out his tongue, his
pricking them with his wet, some-
times considering them from point-
view, sometimes with interest, like
the dog about the man. pp. 78-80

The image of the man in the narrator's speculations regard-
ing Elton's behavior also contains the germ of the human
behavior. The pleasure we get in Part II, the
narrator, as he learns of the world and the body, is
rising his consciousness that is rising. The gradual laugh-
ing off of Karl and the man he believes he accomplished
initially and finally. Speculations of consciousness cluster
about Karl throughout the course of Part II. "Old Karl,"
"Good old Karl," "old Karl," "old Karl" mark the human's
decline: his appearance also looks like "Karl was thin
now, his skin yellow, his eyes very tired looking and he
seemed a little dangerous," from his thin shape and
corp. Karl steadily strengthens. While looking up
at Karl's body after another, he notices intensely,
over the course of seven chapters gaining "staring
glance," "fixed," "pale and queer looking," "tired"--
a series which climaxes in the narrator's diagnosis,
'I don't think he's well now.'

The ending of Karl's story is significant in the
Western world, a bringing into perspective of our last

of being--the intellect--which has sponsored others. The consequent disorientation provides a space for the collation and comparison of the body that inaugurates Part II. Each voice knows he is trapped inside his own mental construction, unable to reach outside alone for physical or spiritual enrichment. For instance this observation with another food image, "I think he's off his head & alive." In the end, a mind remaining as a hand consuming itself?

The final passage of Chapter Nine describes Earl's inability to advance upon the road. The closing scene carefully recapitulates the opening scene of the narrative, the recurring elements creating comparisons. Earl describes the hunt, "We were in the blind and they motioned me to lay my head down and then when I looked up there he was right beside us." The situation is the same as when the SKEETON crashed beside the road in Part I: a hunter, a wood-like blind, and the all-inclusive "we" that provides at the onset. But in Earl's mind no birds whisper, this hunter is not to be the next wanderer/ wanderer in the long line of misadventures. Earl fails because he provides no time to assume the feral position, because he proffers a verbal accident, the soliloquy, that proves inadequate as a tool. Realizing his incompleteness as an agent of life, the "we" annihilates itself from Earl and becomes an exclusive "they," withdrawing back the unknown head. Significantly, the posture of the "they"

represents exactly the movement with which the narrator repudiates the black gods associated with Christianity and European civilization in Chapter One ('It is finished,' he said. I put my hand to my mouth and motioned him down'). With this movement the "we" aligns David with the narrator; it is his story the voices of the road share, not Herli's.

The Type of Journey

Just at the ending of the main journey, the disenchanted Karl recorded on Sept 15, as his writing describes the simultaneous flourishing of the narrator. The narrative explicitly designates the period of this writing as "the time of Heropy" (p. 44). Chapter three begins with the American hunter carefully pursuing the signs of the African guide:

Heropy was a real savage with lids to his eyes thin nearly covered bones, handsome, with a great deal of style, a fair hunter and a beautiful brother. He was about thirty-five, I should think, and was only a piece of skin, tucked over his shoulder, and a few things were better had given him. He always carried a spear (p. 44)

One feature attracting the narrator's visual attention is the opening passage to Heropy's attire, unique to him among the principal natives of the safari. The known skin and the spear, however, recall other hunters

mentioned earlier in the narrative, the line of the scarred shrapnel upon the head. "Bones were asked straight for a greasy sixth knotted over his shoulder, and carried home and washed dozens of times. Ocho's carried square."⁴ Broopy's costume places him squarely among these bearers of artifacts and culture; it is as if he has stepped out of the procession to walk with the new brother on the road for a time. In addition to dress, another of the guide's traits defined his narrative: the nature is "about thirty-five, I should think." The demarcation of the narrative from present time thus particular detail indicates its importance; of all the participants on the road, Broopy alone is the one up to the narrative.⁵ This sharing of time in their personal lives, as emphasized by the personal pronoun, underscores the affinity between the handsome hunter and the 17-year who regards him. The line of Broopy provides a prophetic type for the narrative.

In Part II Broopy provides an the initial sighting and subsequent denouement of the narrator's adolescence: "[Bentall] and I [were] hunting together and Broopy is command of the show." The result of that show, the film with its commanding features of physical aim and will, indicates the release of the guide presiding over his mastery. In the growth of the narrative, Broopy serves as a guide to the body. Broopy's own body initiates

These roles... The native possesses a naturally extraordinary
 face and physique in addition, he boasts trivial scars,
 "scars from some battle his childhood and others, symmetrical
 and decorative, on his chest and belly," as they are in
 the descriptions of his scars, his words "handmade" and
 "beautiful" keynote Broome's appearance on the safari,
 being applied to him by one and whom alike, and even
 belittled as him (p. 46)... Thus, as evidenced by
 the narrator's visual attraction and by the verbal apprecia-
 tions, throughout Broome's time in the bush people respond
 to him first and foremost as an aesthetic phenomenon.
 The unique character of his beauty influences his
 importance to the narrative: Broome's patterned skin
 evidences a constant touch the surface and the visual.
 It contributes to explicit recognition and glorification
 of the body and its design, scars exhibited on the heads
 of men.

As do all the guides, Broome serves in two capacities,
 guiding the narrator/hunter through the country of Africa
 and the narrator/artist through the terrain of art. It
 is vital to the workings of the narrative that these two
 functions issue from the same source, that what makes good
 hunting makes good art. During the safari week, the
 narrator learns from Broome that art and action are one
 and the same. Looking beautiful, functioning beautifully,
 the African completely integrates the two. He exists as

disparity between the surface and the reality, between the observed skin and the trained senses. The word which returns to the narrator's consideration of Denzoy, and which captures the only skin guide has returned, is skin. "Beautiful, with a great deal of style," "a great delight in everything he did"--style as evidenced by Denzoy is not just skinless flowers, but a heritage of inner talent and over-training. Its belated quality manifests in the climactic moment of the third book when Denzoy goes in flame after the fabled game, guiding only to remove his fur.

"That's all the preparation he needs," Denzoy said. "He being up a couple of heavy guns and Denzoy went in after the skin and style loss of skinning." (p. 70)

The guide's quasi-sensational act at this juncture of life and death is to shed the superficial object. He is able to perform the task before him because he carries within him the resources equal to that task.

One aspect is particularly distinguished the remark made by the guide: "With skin . . . that really covered them," his eyes are the skin feature the narrative notices. This feature gives rise to his name, the nickname "Denzoy," the familiarity of which further strengthens the personal significance the African guide holds for the American hunter. It also propounds the gift the two men hold in common, the gift of vision. Denzoy's eyes were possible

his occupation, has art, as "a fine human and a beautiful teacher." He must bring his physical presence, his intimacy with land and stone, and above all his trained eye to the task at hand. As it lined upon in the high grass, lined track in the soil, on buffalo droppings in the rocks, he assigns nature--and survival--the teacher must find the pattern in the world.

A potential being in a world of patterns. Swampy inherits an aesthetic universe. He has each of the senses in that first form which he shapes, Swampy molds with his hands a form, in his sense the body--his own and those of his world. The HARTMAN teaches a major lesson in the art of the body from Swampy when he shows a redback in Chapter Three. Delays--by the roles of artist and teacher, the passage is placed as a lesson. The only animal taken in that chapter, the hawk appears when Swampy and the narrator head alone. After announcing in his tale "he made a shot to impress Swampy," the narrator displays his skill with the redback, limited chiefly to description:

Once dead, I started to open him,
with the little knife, still waiting
off to Swampy, and emptying his
scentily took out the liver, put away
the gall, and laying the liver on a
piece of grass, put the kidneys
aside as he did.

After viewing this demonstration, Swampy then takes his turn, transferring the carcass from safe places of food with a look of sense of challenge.

Now he was going to show us some-
 thing. He slowly he slit open
 his stomach and turned it inside,
 inside out, but, emptying the prize
 in it on the ground. When it, then
 put the liver and kidneys inside it
 and with the knife and a switch
 from the tree the hawk lay under
 and sewed the stomach together with
 the knife so that the birds made a
 bag to carry the other delicacies in.
 Then he cut a pole and put the bag
 on the end of it, passing it through
 the flaps, and put it over his
 shoulder. - - - 4p. 140

Under Drury's tutelage, the HARSHER discovers the
 anatomy of the body. Unlike Karl's ribcage, a shell
 destined for public display upon a wall, the feedback of
 Drury's touch becomes an object of private possibility,
 especially interesting from the view to another to inside
 become out, square below contains, container becomes
 nourishment. To an even more emphatic degree than the
 EXHIBITION, the feedback carries no public or cultural
 significance; the reason for the interest is strictly
 personal.

In certain part of this lesson, the swallowing of
 the acts of hunting and eating, clearly impresses the
 central event of the feedback incident. The tool with
 which the HARSHER was shown his corpse is a pothole
 ("Drury had no eating knife and I had only a pothole
 to stick his stick"). Since this particular artifact was
 first used in the maintenance of small prey, its double
 function is an instrument of eating and of hunting.

cannot be overlooked. To be loyal even, the body of the book must be struck immediately (p. 117). Therefore, the skill with which the narrator/heroine presses his knife against the heart, his dagger against the body, determines the good value of the bill. With ink still wet the narrator/heroine grinds the pen against the paper, his imagination against the nature of his world, to shape the living poem.

The killing of the notebook determines an immediate awareness of style as the pencil applies to his narrative the various literary has championed and he himself has participated. These values are evidenced nowhere more powerfully than in the conversation that begins the notebook chapter as he and the nightman casually peruse in its making the one the narrator has shared with George during the day -- a couple (this time the narrator and his wife), alone in their tent, as the narrator has been in the country with his guide, sharing the simplicity of their lives (an echo upon the justice realities of the Puritan liturgy).

... said FRED. "We have two though
don't we? Without all those people."

"How come it if we don't? I've had a
better time every year since I was
married."

"You don't see J. P. wonderful? Real?"

"Yes. He's wonderful."

"Oh, you're also to say so. Poor Fred."

"Right."

"Without his wife!"

"Yes," I said. "Your Earl," (p. 44)

Since the position of the conversation immediately preceding this exchange has developed how another reader learned to enter conversation by initiating the narrative, the quoted lines become a virtuous display in mid-nineteenth-century style. No human description impedes the functioning of the speech; whatever physical and psychological action transpires in the scene occurs within the words themselves. The narrative does not dwell often upon what might be called domestic scenes. In that one of the few times it does, it lingers upon the couple alone, upon those two who have sloughed off "all these people." Having repudiated the Parsonian literary and domestic for the coming their fellow travelers, the narrator and F.O.M. withdraw from the world of society into the world of marriage. The physical space of that world is defined by "the walls of the tent that shelters them in the sleeping camp, the linguistic space of that world is defined by the personal "we."

In the description of Shoggy at the beginning of Chapter Three the personal pronoun rendered as language the personal bond between the subject of that description and the I/you she described him. He is the conversation between the narrator and his wife at the end of Chapter Three; the plural personal pronoun conveys the intimacy shared by the two narrators. Both speak in terms of

"we" as they move about the life they share, acknowledging verbally the union in which they are partners. And again-- the word of "we"-- is the subject of their passage, style" thought, psychologically, and sexually.

Karl, with whom the sentence concludes, has been proved poor in many ways. He, like his friend, has had the fortune to start with "pioneering energies" and the chance to learn from them all that phrase entails. But Karl knows nothing, failing to communicate even vaguely finally with his guides. Significantly, Drusky never talks with Franz Kaber. But Karl is manifestly poorer in another way, as the conventional domestication. He is poor because he lacks his wife, as is exposed upon the two stages as they darting into the quest of the night.

"Why?" POOR Karl."

"Why?"

"Without his wife."

"Yes," I said. "Poor Karl."

The sentence and its understatement as Drusky witness the two, as close to the center of the matter as the narrator/audience to the audience's heart. POOR Karl without his wife, says a man with his wife. The understated, implied comment floats up into the address like an image as if it were inscribed upon the page. POOR Karl
looky up

with these words--spoken and unspoken--the conversation, the scene, and the chapter close. No further narrative follows their utterance, but given the intensifying lethargy of the passage, the break in the text points inward toward and with reading time. Claude Leloir has pointed out the service of advance in depicting sexual intercourse in *The Fox Skin Story*,³ in *Space Ball*, rather than having the form of an editorial interruption within one line or between two lines as in Leloir's examples, the visually-suggestive break assumes the shape of the blank space upon the page after the conversation. This perceptive line of the sexual union by virtual means leaves out the guiding importance of the image within the narrative, reducing that of the text as an image upon the page, as the narrative proceeds from the sexual virtuosity which sets the action into the visual one which fulfills it.

The narrative discourse also outright a few more later in Chapter Four (p. 11) and on at least one other occasion in the narrative by DH, but the closing scene of Chapter Three marks the only instance to look at his active engagement. The spectacularism of such a scene as the climax of the narrative is clear. It is fitting that the Part of the book most concerned with the body should include its conjugal celebration. That a chapter whose action is sparked by an eye/body relationship (the narrative looking at Hengryl) should climax in the most

vicinity of such relationships. And, given this governing power of his eye, it is even more fitting that that power be realized visually: in that space upon the page after Chapter Three ends and before Chapter Four begins, it is as if the eye closes as the "I" withdraws into the intimacy of "we." Only the last short witness scene serves as evidence of words between the present wife and the lucky husband witness: then an exchange of looks and bodies, deep as the rich African night.

Broome's Country

During the period designated as "the time of Broome," the narrator and the safari enter a part of Africa known among themselves as "Broome's country." A "country" has been defined previously by the narrator as "an area, a valley or range of hills, a sea one looks to." That usage in the hunting vocabulary allows the term to fill a larger narrative void in Green Hills. Throughout the safari, only one African country is the political center of the word in emphasis, and provides few scenes; rather, "country" takes on a role of psychic space, an arena of expertise within which a man may act. With those exceptions the wilderness is valued more the political, the achievement of man as individual more than in groups: "Broome's country" designates that perfect conjunction between the demands of a particular terrain and the talents of a particular hunter.

A "canyon [that] ran down to the Rift Valley, running
 50 miles at the far end where it cut through the wall of
 the rift," dominating Orinopy's arena of action. As would
 be expected in the case of the nation who has acted as
 a guide to the book, Orinopy's scenery abounds in physical
 grandeur, from the lushness of its vegetation ("the
 trees were heavy and tall and the floor of the canyon,
 that fine clime had been a narrow path, opened to a firmer-
 based plain"), to the superabundance of game. In their
 search for water buffalo the hunting party are confronted
 at almost every turn with prize white elephants, which in
 every case seem not to be even accompanied by age if not
 two males. The descriptive activity abetted by this
 display provides not only pleasure and awe as is Orinopy's
 scenery, but war as well.

Throughout his tale in Rome, the narrator has
 been underlining a reputation, of which his subject is
 the canyon with daily as identification. Prior to the
 time of the narrative the American hunter had been ill,
 but now he

. . . had that pleasant feeling of
 getting stronger every day. I was
 underweight, had a slight appetite
 for meat, and could not kill I wanted
 without feeling sorry. Each day
 I covered up whatever we found
 within at the fire. . . 4p 24

The reputation of this American coincides with the
 reputation of the other American hunter in the safari,

his friend Earl. As suggested by the shape of the nose in the above bust, Earl is smiling while the narrator smiles. One way the theme of physical versus economic wealth is in the narrator's "great appetite." The idea of eating and drinking afford much pleasure, in the overstatement a "bunch of cold sliced tenderloin, bread, and buttered, and a can of punch," on the beer that "was still cool from the night and opened by the tin opener . . . dressed with three cups, thick-cream, full-bodied," as is borne out by the descriptions of the lunch and beer, quick here is taken to set forth in detail the complete collapse of the world, the beauty of the green hills that nurtured the body. Furthermore, the narrator's appetite extends from the sustaining surplus of the world to the world itself. Appropriately, a mark of appetite describes the narrator's desire for the country in which he finds himself: "Now, being in Africa, I was hungry for more of it."

That the narrator hungered after, and what Spragg teaches him to find, is "more"--through the appetites of, the constant demands of, the ego of the body. Earl, the narrator's child after age 12, is trapped in "less"; the completion of his intellect is number 1 like serves the Aristotle never permits his reason to comprehend the "more" of Africa. Amazingly, Earl does not share Spragg's country, does not enter the world of

"now." But the narrative slows, and upon entry he finds in that country a stage of existence best described by Chinua Achebe:

The big word has understanding the Nativespeaks here, according to my reading, is opportunity. The Nativespeaks here is a man intensely alive to everything, and in his opportunity he has the vital capacity to react to life in limitless and unpredictable ways.

That is the true Nativespeaks here: a genuinely spontaneous individual. . . . The desire in his heart is to do everything fully--and therefore simply, spontaneously. "He did not want to lose his spontaneity any," says Nativespeaks about Rick in "Big, Two-Hearted River," and the expression is typical. The life of the forest, of the work, and of the mosquitoes and the grasshoppers that he pointed in the water comes rushing to Rick because of his intense sensitivity to what is going on around him.⁴

Chinua Achebe's unqualified estimation of this observation about Rick allows to later, more complex considerations not be questioned; via experience (as the narrative of this particular phase in his African journey is unquestionable, for the duration of this sensory "now," the life of the redback, of the chilo, and of the one-two flies and the locusts enriches the narrator every bit as much as the life of Rick's cowboy ancestor him). The narrator enters George's country--and makes it his own:

George walks into the gated hills of Africa--on a good safari with the narrator and W'oola, through the high grasses

of his own country, seemed to share the canyon with the Rift Valleyland then sharply vanishes from the narrative, never to be seen or mentioned again. The immediacy and the intimacy of his walk among the hills suggest that this guide acts as a vivid, but limited, agent for promoting growth in the narrative. That Droopy provides over a distinct phase in the journey of his pupil is borne out by the great capabilities, but even greater limitations, of his body, his time, and his country. The first limitation is found in the agent's body when eyes discern the trails and propose the quest, but for all their efficiency, these organs look only northward; they do not incorporate lateral vision, the direction associated with the fellow guide McCola. Droopy's vision is that of the primal interaction of man with earth, not the more complex interaction of man with man. The drooping eyelids that begin the scene act as natural blinders, restricting his field of sight to one plane. The resemblance of these lids to blindness recalls a similar use of vision and planes Droopy in the sequence of the safari; the narrator believes the path blazed by Droopy before he runs from the blind.

Just as Droopy's body defines only so far, so does his utilization of the products of civilization. "the time of Droopy" acquires added significance when we consider the place of this guide among the company of western wanderers/wanderers in the world. Droopy most closely resembles the more primitive of the peoples, the nomadic

western, as opposed to the more advanced family units with whom his cohort O'Neil is associated. In addition to cultural advances signified by the medical groupings, the guide's relationship to time is disclosed also by his deployment of artifacts. Broome wears the Order British Medal, in contrast to O'Neil's Belgian medal. The discrepancy also signals his knowledge of weapons. The Airborne hunter may wield handily the overgrown spear, but in the pivotal confrontation with O'Neil after the Buffalo Kill, the advantage of a double-barreled shotgun alone has

I told Broome he would keep my big gun
He said he knew how to shoot as I took
the shells and put on the safety and
handing it to him told him to shoot--
he put it to his shoulder, shot the
wooden eye, and pulled hard on the
trigger, and again, and again. Then I
stood back about the safety and had
him put it on and off and keep the gun
a couple of hours. O'Neil became very
aggressive during Broome's struggle to
fire with the safety on and Broome
seemed to get more excited. (pp. 148-49)

This reversal is Broome's role from a leader 'in command of the show' to one in need of instruction marks a major shift in the narrative. For all his gifts, Broome cannot take the narrator into the twentieth century, into the present time of the novel (the Part recounting his story, "Farwest Remembered," is a flashback). The boundaries of his talents are proscribed in terms of vision: unable to envision his own, he cannot fire the gun. And the narrative preserved

these boundaries optimally. McCole gains an estimate of "Groovy seemed to get much smaller." These changes in physical perspective reflects a change in linguistic perspective. Having absorbed all Groovy can teach him, the narrator now looks to the guide who will take large in his next steps upon the road.

That road leads from Groovy's country to the rock wall of Africa's Rift Valley. The narrator returns to the road after having been startled from entering the heart of the guide's country by a tangle of roads that define the hunting party and forces Groovy to call off the hunt ("We both felt good because we had made Groovy do the calling-off and I was released as well"). Some time, a fine buffed bull breaks from the thicket and the narrator keeps him. Back to camp after the kill, planning the next stretch of the safari, the narrator and Hop question Groovy about the country just beyond him. "We'll ask Groovy how the valley is." Groovy didn't know. . . . (p. 211). The layout of the land captures the area of the nation. Beyond the periphery of his vision, beyond the borders of his nation--the Rift Valley is out of Groovy's country. During the time the guide and his pupil walk together on the road, Groovy takes the narrator forward. He gives freely of his special gifts, preparing the wayward for the future (the roadbook, an antelope, diamonds--the more prized kudu, also an antelope).

Thus, his task complete, George walks to the end of his country, and out of the narrator's story.

After following George to the end of his country, the narrator then proceeds beyond that country toward his rendezvous with Karl at the Rift Valley. Of all the lesser topographical features that contribute to the overall 'shape of a country,' none occupies the affixes landscape more importantly than that gigantic ditch. The sentence which introduces Karl into Part II designates the Rift Valley as his destination, and after taking his "drive thing," Karl now directs his path that way. The name of the valley captures the mood of the material at this point; Part II is giddy with disorientation. Either words pass between the narrator and F.R.B. during (pp. 54-55) and after (p. 118) the buffalo hunt, and thereafter precedes Karl and the narrator on the whole in a hunt where the nature scenes were such other than the extended others. The metaphor, arising disoriented on a small scale the direct competition between the two his game hunters. The nature of the first animal taken on the north side each game, the rhinoceros, has established their conflict as a territorial one. In Chapter 15a this territorial struggle assumes monumental proportions: when the paths of the two do cross, it is in terrain that suggests tensions almost enough to split a continent asunder.

The moon that has shone over the African landscape in Part II, illuminating the simultaneous processes of rising and falling, regeneration and degeneration, now shines over the Rift Valley. And like that globe, the valley too contains within itself the story of life and death. The Rift Valley reproduces on a panoramic scale the work/leak metaphors of the Nile. Displaying the bifurcation of the "belly half full of milk and death," one of its halves holds the dust of the plain, the other the waters of Lake Maryout. The world of the plain and the world of the lake constitute distinct realities distinguished from one another most strikingly by their wildlife: on the plain the black and white robes "gallop on the grey lava sands, raising a dust," while at the lake "the unrelentable cloud" of rose-pink flamingoes rises and settles at the sound of shots, as if it were in a heavy-lift gun. (114).

As they possess different topography and wildlife, so the plain and the lake claim a different protagonist. With "naked dust on his face," the plain marks Earl as the son. From the moment he steps into Part II, Earl's path has lead him to this place. Earl encompasses ecology's contrary, spans the landscape of the desert. And in revenge his body, deprived of nourishment, takes on the hue of the plain: "old Earl looked a greyish, yellow white on the face . . . coming in like a death's head," the half

of the left valley Karl inherits is the calm and dusk--
the tomb. The reader experiencing this same deterioration
soon finds a spinning wheel among the buried. The last sight
in Part II, Karl inherits is

a very strange and unfortunate hole.
Only the skin coming from the eyes
down to the nostrils, smooth grey
and delightfully marked with white,
and the hair, powerful even were
beautiful. The eyes were already
dead and there were lines around
them and the skin was heavy,
smooth, and instead of spiralling
high they made a heavy turn and
ended straight up. It was a
round head, heavy and ugly. Op. 124

The Transcendental wrenching necessary to the formation
of the Ball Valley mine at the mouth of the canyon's
fall with his friend and sister eye. The rift beside
a displacement of the rock of the mountain, as the industrial-
civilian experiment by Karl is rejected. The part of the
mountain most like Karl comes along with that buried.
For the first time on the subject, the narrator is suddenly
addressed as "Old Times," "the old man," and "old man"--
all as the evening before and the evening of Karl's
capture of the sleeping hole head. But on the head alone,
as the body is seen. Having travelled through Grady's
country and shocked the innocent there, the narrative is
open to the inevitable presence of Lake Superior. His
skipping through the mountains and across white hardening
is checked by an abrupt fall into the lake: "you sleep

and on face down and are sitting, enjoying being completely wet finally, water cool on your back, soaked with muddy water. . . . A'Gain delighted with the spill" (p. 141).
 Buried in the volcanic fields, for the character the Rift Valley proves a womb.

Part II, "Paradise Remembered," is as gigantic a chase as the geography of Green Hills of Africa as the Rift Valley is in the African landscape: longer than all the other parts put together (seven chapters, as opposed to two each in the other three Parts). "Paradise Remembered" is a flashback, a drag out of the present time between Chapters Two and Ten. In fact, in the subordinated structure of the narrative, Part II opens toward the moment when Part I begins. The use of the flashback, the notion of memory as the Rift's Nile, and the synthetic repetition of the adverb 'now' is the best support that among all the other themes, Part II concerns itself intensely with how and how they deal with time. The first of these is the narrator's companion. Recused in the natural revelations of his memories, Earl cannot open his senses to the 'now' when Henry finds: "for this was the present, outside the loss of everything he has so carefully deposited behind in 'then.' Not only the present, the future too remains lost" (still looking is the viewpoint of the narrative). "From 1920," Earl's only thought on the

refers's first day in the Adir Valley is that the following day "he was feeling positively defeat by myself." In the world of movement the situation is becoming to negotiate, Karl wants everything to stand still, to be as stagnant as his past. Again he values the end, not the process--the trophy, not the hunt.

In contrast, the guide George flows with the wholeness of one united to the wholeness of the world, from one "now" to another "now." This awareness of himself in the fulness of the present renders George a truly gifted lover of life. But as it draws him to the immediate in life, it also imprisons him in it. For instance, when the narrator tries to leave the steadily mindless narrator to be picked up by someone later, George simply cannot detach his intent and desires on changing the animal to keep that. Although satisfied by Karl's past, George cannot project ahead; his present has no future. This inability to look beyond the immediate awakens George to the "diminution of a physical life, marked by mental disciplines such as firmness." The narrator portraying the last act of the guide as the narrative shows his deficiency as an intellectual man: the one-time teacher can tell his pupil nothing about the country beyond his lecture "George didn't know."

Having had the luck to acquire in George's company, the narrator has acquired the guide's gift for "spontaneity."

Following in the African's steps has led to healing the
 Lander's wound in body or tragedy's hands. But to surpass
 the limitations of the guide, the narrator must be able
 to advance into the future. This he will accomplish by
 developing the ability to "name." This next stage in his
 growth demands a different kind of aid than heretofore
 experienced and requires a different guide--a "deaf." So,
 having entered the stream of the High Valley, the stream
 of Part II, the narrator resolves himself to cross to
 the blind, about to be born into the darkness of the world.

Notes in Part II

¹the reproductive capacity of the safari animals also reflects the strength or weakness of the individual females in such situations down and across ("MAMAMOKLI MAMAMOKLI") around.

²Seemingly was born in 1910. He went on safari 1930-4.

³Thomas Uebel, *The Yorkshire Pattern in Joseph Conrad's "The Firm"* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1971), pp. 41-42.

"We are now in chapter 7. John is going up the stairs and the messenger tells him that the lady of the previous night, MORT, that is, has come in to see him and will call again. When afterwards JOHN returns, this time escorted by Count Pippopopolous in person. John has had a shower and leaves the Count and MORT, to go into his bedroom to dress. He is feeling "tired and greatly excited" when MORT joins him in the bedroom.

"What's the matter, darling? Are you feel rocky?"

She kissed me quickly on the forehead.

"No, MORT, I have you as usual."

"Darling," she said. Then, "So you will be so good and stay?"

She is of course speaking of Count Pippopopolous, but what is the meaning of the "Then" here? What does it denote a break with or a break away from? What does John want? What is it that he cannot resolve or accomplish in the presence of count Pippopopolous? . . .

She goes to the next room and sends the Count away.

She was gone out of the room. I lay face down on the bed. I was feeling a bad time. I heard some talking but I did not listen. MORT came in and sat on the bed.

¹ *Young and Rubicam*. "The standard of excellence."

"What did you say to him?" I was
 crying with my face away from him. I
 did not want to see him.

*Insert clip for photographs. See Layout tab for instructions.

When asked, "Do you feel better, disappointed in the food and service?"

Abstract

"This quiet. He's quiet to the other side of town."

Again the spirituous interpolation "Then I knew" that does it slightly. What has happened meanwhile? Why is Jane's head suddenly "hollow"? Now Wellesley has preferred to leave this part of the story from an editor. Now perhaps he was not quite sure in his mind whether to give expression to what he wanted to convey or not. Alternatively, he may not have been sure in advance of the limit to which Jane's psychosis would take him, but it seems certain that during this scene Jane remains and David gives him a projected mental satisfaction. Such satisfaction has been the subject of literary critics-- not the satisfaction with which Wellesley presents the theme, and also may be because it puts on a necessity of the moment or the circumstantial in question that is a variation willingly conceived, speed of his further passage.

3. In the stillness of the night, both Mike and Scott had the nightmare and the realization as their present friends denied which dealt with an institute and Virginia Medford. The Virginia advert 'then,' suggested a little later as 'then later,' above the fulfillment of that urge, while the forward action of the advert is as a advertisement."

⁴Chavez notes, *The Mexican Ministry in Texas, 1820-1835* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1978), 140-41.

PART III
THE WIND IN THE WOODS

The Woods of O'Cola

In the chapter which at the side of the road is the first scene of THE WIND IN THE WOODS, another figure also appears with her in the roadside blind. That figure, the guide O'Cola, has come to the fore in the pivotal shift of perspective from the story to the subtextual in the flashback of Part II. This shift is signified by the changing prominence of the native witness when the more classical Druey leads the reader to the border of his country and can then go no farther. The more knowledgeable O'Cola emerges as the dominant African. O'Cola's importance is indicated by the position of prominence he holds at the narrative's side. First in the roadside blind and then when the narrative returns to the present time of Part III. The narrative shift is explicit, and the subsequent rise of O'Cola, heard directly upon the American narrator on the safari. As previously explained, the blind the narrator and O'Cola occupy in Part I and the one Earl shows him in Part II function as archetypal wind/trees. Earl's best should significantly allow his search for truth, but instead the blind that watches the Sahara and Sahara itself only the French Sahara land. The

influence of Earl, the good surviving, lies in the fact of
 of the guide. His blind proves a touch. M'Cola, on the
 other hand, partakes of the wisdom of John Maynard along
 with the darkness and so survives to be one of the "we"
 who speak to the roadside blind. The image of the blind
 that emerges in the figure of this guide promises an alter-
 nation to the alternative response in EARL.

The progression from sensory development at the hands
 of George to mental development under the auspices of M'Cola
 is presented as part of the narrator's process of maturation.
 The ages of the respective guides correspond to the sequence
 of the stages: the narrator learns the lessons of the body
 from the youngest George, the lessons of the mind from the
 older M'Cola. Their individual chronologies parallel the
 personal chronology of the road image: George walks the
 length of his sensory harvest, while M'Cola, more varied
 in activities, runs ahead. The narrator's maturation is also
 traced in terms of vision. Prior to being born into the
 blind, the narrator is taught by George, gifted with dis-
 covering, but earthbound, eyes. George's assistance, M'Cola,
 raises his eyes to the level of human abstraction, to the
 larger scope of the world. When the narrator enters the
 world outside the blind, he is born with M'Cola at his side,
 the direct beneficiary of that guide's special vision.

M'Cola's unique appearance bears out his role as a
 model of the mind: in the descriptive passages that begin

Part of the narrative carefully eyes first the handsome
 George and then H'Chai, remembering of the latter:

I remember how surprised I was the
 first time I saw . . . how odd the
 upper body was. It had that aged
 look you see in photographs of
 Jefferson and Garvey looking thirty
 years after; the odd, old-man
 shape and the Jewish physical
 manner. (p. 40)

The deterioration of H'Chai's body, especially in contrast
 with George's, becomes a leitmotif centered upon his head:

H'Chai shook his head. I looked at
 his bald skull and he turned his face
 a little so that I saw the skin Chinese
 side of the crown of his head.
 (p. 20)

The narrator's act of looking at H'Chai constitutes one of
 his very first acts in the narrative, from the beginning.
 This head is central to his existence, its significance is
 also validated by the primal image of the work. The narra-
 tor wants to examine the head while he and his guide descend
 inside the bloody as the pair observe the killed as well
 upright upon the roof, a new mind is born.

Close to the kind of novel active in H'Chai lies in the
 decline of his extraordinary head. The baldness then accom-
 panies the entrance of the skull, the shaved hair that is
 identified in previous ethnic terms--H'Chai persists in the
 world the image of a Buddha. And he continues, along with
 the appearance, the attitude of a Buddha as well. Through-
 out the beauty and virtue of the subject, the "Black Shogun"
 looks across centuries and lost or taken, Philadelphia Flourish

in either other quiver come and go. Through Grangey's country, on the left valley, and all along the road, the life of Africa plays out before his all-comprehending gaze.

M'Cola's peculiar response to this panorama appears first in the hint that an accompanying native carries his name: the narrator reports that "M'Cola looked at the word without a shadow of expression on his face." This reaction of expressionlessness is the one detail in addition to the description of M'Cola's face that the narrator notes in the field and its presence is crucial to an understanding of this man. The face with which M'Cola beholds the world is expressionless--without age. The native lives no life outside the native--in the only reference to an existence of his own, Pap remarks that M'Cola has "a grown-up family in the native reserve." The white hunter's choice of words discloses the situation completely: M'Cola has placed his existence as he has his family--in reserve. Subjugated by external demands, without in M'Cola any to internal gaze the variety of the lesser quiver, where something could prove deleterious to the hunting party's shooting, leaves M'Cola decidedly unswayed. This quiver brings to the surface a viewpoint unobscured by personal emotions or preconceived reactions. Rather, he seems almost as a lethal force, open to whatever impressions the world might momentarily stamp upon him. The field, brokenlanded bush/ta exhibits a immutability fixed at the eye said so that it may none directly

perceive the phenomena preceding his. With unfettered
 brow and unobscured vision, N'Gola is the consummate
 observer.

One stepman the world eludes from the reader's vision
 is at least revealed early in the narrative. The narra-
 tor recalls shooting quail while N'Gola looks on,

He laughed always to see the birds
 tumble and when I missed he roared
 and shook his head again and again.

"Ask him what the hell he's laughing
 about!" I asked my men.

"Ah N'Gola," N'Gola said, and shook
 his head. "at the little birds."

So bird shooting became this marvelous
 joke. If I killed, the joke was on
 the birds, and N'Gola would shake his
 head and laugh and when he found me
 wrong and found he was how the bird
 turned over in the air. And if I
 missed, I was the clown of the place
 and he would look at me and shake with
 laughing. (pp. 24-5)

The passage of the birds clarifies N'Gola's point of view.
 The birds are tumble down in death or fly away in life; it
 is all the same to him. In the struggle for survival that
 unfolds before him, the African tumble views both life and
 death with equanimity, as the necessary and equal poles be-
 tween which run the energies of the universe. This guide
 sees all, and rejects nothing. The quality of mind inherent
 in N'Gola is one unmediatedly accepting of and unfetteredly
apprehending of the world.

Thus nothing, episodic point of view allows N'Gola
 to respond to the best scenario with pure, unadorned

"delight." The word twice characterizes his response to the narrator's battle with the birds, once in this passage (p. 101) and again during the bird hunt at Lake Superior (p. 121). The nature of the laughter that shakes the black head confirms his discomfort. W'Chia laughs simultaneously at himself and at the little birds. The "place" therefore becomes an arena and no villain, only participants, and all potential sources of delight. In fact, the only theatrical role designated is that of "clown." The narrator's arrival at Lake Superior marks his this party when he watches a painful tale the lake in the manner of the comedy. "W'Chia [is] delighted with this sight."

The turn in which the narrator chooses to describe the bird passages place W'Chia's role as observed within the highly structured context of the theater. In that regard the world exists as spectacle and W'Chia as an observer of this audience. Important considerations follow from the attitude the world displays toward that spectacle. In his vision existence and time themselves is a shifting, but complementary, whole. Since death is no tragedy, the birds may break down or they may fly away, but play goes on. W'Chia is no more outside a tragic world. The sense of loss, of depletion that pervades Bart's world does not enter into the vision of this guide. Bears do not eat the black bear. Instead, the "place" W'Chia observes would be clown-land a comedy. This place inherently protects W'Chia's

would view as an alternative to Earl's dense pessimism. First, the broad humor of the comedy is no property of pessimism: the punch does not land itself as a vehicle for the preservation of a public eye. Earl, rigid with anxiety, hardly exhibits the suppleness necessary to a clown, especially, the physicality of the free insecure contact with the earth. Instead of the self-transcendence of a mind revising, here the mind is turned inward, constantly returned to its surroundings. In order to comprehend the fallacies of M'Call's vision, one may simply broaden the definition of comedy from the more specialized classification as a theatrical genre to the larger definition as the optimistic element of life is quenched. In the end, this sweeping earthly vision is the spectacle that enchants M'Call: the observer. Forsoaking nature, the black hand beholds the world : , with blindness as the bludge of eye, or with that shade of approval at the wonder of things as they are.

M'Call's Journey

From the very start of the journey in Africa, the conventional and insinuating overtones of the continent's being sensed has threatened the safari: "you could feel the rains coming, as they moved steadily north, as surely as though you watched them on a chart." The absence of the rains spells a condemnation for the intruders who must conclude their hunting and leave before the storm reaches the coast to the

seem impossible. The present idea of Green Hills of Africa ends with the last four planned days of the tour. Part I covers the evening of the first day when Huxley's party disrupts the kill and the morning of the second day when the hunter shoots poison; Part II finishes back in seven chapters to the preceding evening of Huxley's journey and the Rift Valley; and then Part III returns to the present. In the afternoon of the second day that begins in Part I. It is on this afternoon that the rain arrives at last. As the weather and H'ole head out in the car after lunch in the antelope, their coming difficulties are portrayed by potholes on the road from the previous night. Before long, the rain shows "drizzling." The following morning (the third and last-to-the-last day) opens with a "mist [hanging] over the ground" which soon becomes "light rain pattering in the leaves." This pattern condenses first into "drizzle hard," then unthinkingly "hard" rain, until the narrator and his party stalk a would-be deer returned with violence:

Fifteen of about half on the hillside
after the rain and the trees dripped
but we saw nothing. Not in the open
glades, not in the fields where the
deer showed, not on the steep hillsides. (p. 184)

The further the narrator continues to postpone this account of rain, the closer grows the rain, until the extent is forced to an absolute standstill in Chapter Two.

H'ole's presence provides the four-day stretch of road from the kill of Chapter One to the start of Chapter Two.

In the canyon, Scooby introduced the hunter to the present possibilities that reside within physical forms. Along the length of road, N'Cola introduced him to the challenge of things beyond human manipulation. This fourth-N'Cola's country--is the country of rain. The change of seasons seems as just as significant a territorial event as does the Rift Valley, commanding a place in the scale of the African landscape beyond the individual configuration of a road, beyond a self-contained pocket of terrain. Then deployed on the vast continental sweep of Chapter Two, rain epitomizes the impersonal distance, nature beyond the human eye.

From the initial image in which he appears, N'Cola's relationship to the natural world has been highlighted by acceptance and compliance. In the roadside blind, he and the hunter accommodate themselves to the curves of the dirt highway within the concrete guide. They do not stride down it like a colossus. Indeed, the hunter and the pursuer literally efface themselves as they crouch in the corner of the blind. The overall picture of hunting provides the narrator an avenue to judge himself of his age that demands a shaping like the one in which the Shushukha guide exhorts. That opening image of the blind already sets estranged eyes at odds with survival--the nature's rash words and movements would ensure any every animal within shooting range. As promised by the hunter N'Cola, hunting becomes

the suspension of ego. The narrator as novice must submit to others more knowledgeable, bend to the demands of land and weather, submit the self to the instructions of guru, and suspend individual personal desires that would interfere in the larger task at hand.

While the narrative focuses in Chapter Two, it is after the seven intervening chapters of Book II:

That all seemed a good sign. Now, this afternoon in the sun, on the way out to the . . . hillside. . . just having met the golden bowl. . . leaving a shot the right buffer on this lick because of the Amishman's track. I knew there were only two days more to last before we must leave. (p. 174)

The opening sentence of Chapter Two immediately resupplies the "now, this afternoon" of the second day. The internal landscape of Book II encompasses Book II the road, the narrator is concerned as is, the publisher's side along, their destination the land. But almost as soon as they set out, it becomes apparent that this afternoon the hunting party traverses a quite different terrain:

When the road was this over the sky there was a pool of water and you could see that a heavy rain had descended by it on ahead. I did not realize what was about but I think there his arm wide, looked up to the sky and bared his teeth in anger.

"It's so good," H'Gale whispered
(pp. 174-75)

The "Havrick" who ignores his own wife and prisoners at the sky is the same guide who runs Christ-like over the hills

the day before. The identity, the dramatic stages he assumes again, and O'Call's mounting disappointment prepares his part in the opening lecture. But the scene of the roadside blind is not to be completely demolished, for a new factor has entered the landscape, in the night the rains have come. The introduction of the rains alters the character of the scene, beginning by negating the narrator's second conception of the blind. The rains have desecrated the landscape, thereby destroying the pilgrim's ability ("We walked down to the blind and waited there until it was dark and a light rain began to fall. Nothing came to the aid" [p. 182-3]). The landscape tableau therefore loses the very component most central to its functioning, the work archetype. But as the rains sweep from their path one manifestation of this prescriptive image, so they also create another.

Something that arrests the hunting party is mid-journey, as the afternoon that began with peddling ends in a slightly despondent. Despite his pressing awareness of over-allocating time, the narrator is forced to make camp on the road. In great beyond human intention or manipulation, the rain physically forces the narrator into a moment of contemplation. In the night of rain he must reckon with this unyielding power of the earth, must determine his relationship to a landscape that cannot be transcended. The opening writer identifies a provisional fact to be defined by the narrator:

Even had ripped a tent out of a big
brown ground cloth. Hung my sleeping
bag inside, and put up the brown tent.
O'Call brought the food inside the
shallow tent. (p. 181)

Suddenly in the country of rain there is a refuge, affording warmth and nourishment:

I entered, got into mosquito nets
and heavy pyjamas and sat on the mat,
His a basket of roast quail, tea and
dried a couple of tin cups of half
whisky and water. (p. 145)

This new firm that arises abruptly from the dreamed roadside Baifila the pleasing element of the imagined landscape. The vision here characterized the "Willow half full of rain and dust": is the face of the tent they have raised in its erected a web of quest.

The unipersonal enclosure provides the space for the events that transpire that night. Preparing to sleep in the tent, the narrator directs S'Cola:

"You sleep here. Out of the rain." I pointed to the corner where the rain was falling the thicket against them as, the life web outside of human, ever there. It was a lovely sound, even though it was blinding us.

I. I told him I heard S'Cola once in, make his bed and go to sleep, and I told him in the night and heard the sleeping by me. (p. 146)

The fourth night of the present time is Green Hills of Africa. S'Cola takes the narrator into his world. Master and novice said themselves to the contours of the landscape filled, accompanied by the two indigenous natives. The second night captures the physical proximity of narrator and guide as they sat side-by-side. For the night is the tent also makes a more profound statement: this time it is the narrator who

brings H'COO's--down--out from the main, into abject. The evening the American hunter and the African hunter spend together within the windows of the subshift time obscures the intimacy that has grown between the two men since H'COO's coming. When the narrator takes H'COO to be his back over-
padding, the action we taking the master is gone. Physically and deliberately, the effect of the narrator's invitation to the test is to internalize the vision of H'COO.

Proof of this internalization comes quickly. Before this night, the American hunter has held only one program live on radio "I had thought of the rain only as something that made breeding easy." The death of the harristinal phenomenon was predicted entirely upon the value to the hunter's own immediate purposes. Yet now, even though that even phenomenon blinds the reader's efforts at the most critical time ("It was hatching up"), the narrator is yet this is acknowledged "It was a lovely sound." With that admission, he has acquired a perspective beyond the self; he has interpreted the necessary end, even more importantly, the appreciative viewpoint of H'COO. In a fall before the rain stops of the black bodies, this is another good one had, is simply up and its very participation in the workings of the world confers a fineness and a levelness upon it.

A small detail of the text once confirms the completion of his internalization. When the narrator stops,

M'Cola rests beside him, but when he wakes, he lies alone under the covers.

I wake when I heard M'Cola come in,
make his bed and go to sleep, and I
wake more in the night and heard him
sleeping by my bed in the morning
he was up and had said the two letters
I was writing. (p. 112)

M'Cola, the guide to the land, begins himself as he does every day with the usual duties of the artist. Not M'Cola, the guide to a world unfamiliar by Teri's short-sightedness, having performed his most valuable duty, has been absorbed into a more this aspect of life. When the novice stands alone from the sight of rain, the view from the blind has become the view from the back. With M'Cola's help, the painter has learned to move not against, but with, the mighty rhythm of the African continent.

Beyond M'Cola

The transition in guides from George to M'Cola is presented in Green Hills of Africa as part of a metaphorical process the narrator is caught up in, a transition from a personal bonding with the world to an intellectual comprehension of it. When the narrator follows the path through George's country, he seeks behind a more idealized figure, a guide to the apex of his skills. At that earlier stage the American hunter depends much more heavily upon the African guide--for basic negotiation of territory, for necessary procurement of man. When George introduces his pupil

go--through the cinema of the roadblock, the labyrinth of the canyon--to the body of the world, the absolute physical reality of Africa. Broppy's body lives at one with the world's body; and the narrator recognizes and analyzes this harmony.

But this phase of awareness serves the narrator only in part. Equating "self" with his surroundings, Broppy is absorbed by the world; he knows no bounds but physical ones. This yields him a certain awareness of his own limitations as a human being until brought up short by the edge of the Rift Valley, by the natural presence of a rock wall. In this end Broppy proves an indistinguishable, but circumscribed, exponent of the narrator's growth. An experience as "other" he does not have. In contrast to Broppy, the travelling guide does, above all time, know. N'Gola's ability to mentally distinguish "self" from "other" is underlined by the various examples the world assumes as "other" in his country: the design. The political guide may merge into his country, but the life-threatening guide leaves the older guide's predominant awareness of difference. This awareness of difference, this ability to discern "self" from "other" most characterizes the guide. It manifests itself most strikingly in the attitude N'Gola takes up mysteriously, with the "other" (the world as the play and the "self" (the nation) as audience.

Unlike the objective Gatsby, H'Cole's vision embraces both repetitions and limitations, and accepts neither. The acceptance he maintains while witnessing the safari's war-
 springs extends to himself. H'Cole leaves his own gifts and
 failures. At the start of the wilderness hunt in Chapter
 Three, the narrative notes "H'Cole was not jealous of
 Gatsby. He simply knew that Gatsby was [] some of a
 hunter, a faster and stronger tracker." H'Cole also separates
 the potential of self-knowledge to the narrative. His
 presence provides an antidote to the American hunter's over-
 definitiveness since he has witnessed the hunter's most
 humiliating mistakes:

I got there, using the rifle, and shot
 FOR THE DEADEND mark, slowly and
 carefully, missing his right breast
 STRAIGHT IN A SCORCHING, scalding rage,
 NOT MAKING A conversion but missing
 FOR THE SAME place in the same way
 with time [] I rushed up my hand
 to H'Cole for more cartridges, shot
 again, carefully, and missed, and on
 the tenth shot broke his second mark--
 I turned away without looking toward
 him. (p. 82)

It is the knowledge of one's own finite capabilities that
 provides a hedge against the god that devours man.

It is precisely the shortcomings of H'Cole that signal
 a more serious and healthy phase in the narrative's growth.
 The influence of the figure of the African guide upon the
 safari lessons in dependence as the American hunter learns
 to function more competently on his own. The hunter's
 opinions mark more independently of the guide to the

intellectual phase. M'Cola, then he ever did of the sensory theory. This independence—a realization on the narrator's part of the widening separation between his outlying "hall" and the major "center" in his life at this point, M'Cola—is brought home in several ways. The character differs more distinctly from M'Cola, in age and physique, for example, whereas he was likened more to Oreegy. And he is much more able to criticize the older native. Unlike Oreegy, M'Cola possesses faith in as well as wisdom. He quickly rejects errors set on the track, the greatest when he fails to prevent F.M.B. from venturing into high grasses that might shield a wounded buffalo (p. 114). But even this error in the field pales against the repercussions that stem from one particular oversight the guide makes in camp.

The narrator's hunting party waits over the night in the lead to the morning of the third, penultimate, day of their enterprise. They return to camp and attempt another walk through the native mission, but meet with no success:

Finally it was dark and we went back to camp. The springbird was very wet when we got out of the box and I told M'Cola to clean it carefully and eat it well, as said he would. . . .
(pp. 181-182)

Chapter Eleven, the concluding chapter of Part III, then chronicles the fourth and last planned day of the safari, each of the previous victims ticked off by the overwhelming rain. The hunting party makes their final effort from a

killed, where the narrator has occasion to glance at his gun.

Following the Springfield across my
 knees I noticed that there was rust
 on the barrel. Slowly I pulled it
 along and looked at the muzzle. It
 was freshly scored with rust.

"The barrel never cleaned in long
 enough after that raid," I thought. . . .

McCole had seen the rusty barrel. His
 face had not changed and I had said
 nothing but I was full of thoughts
 and there had been hesitation, con-
 fusion, and miscommunication without a
 word being spoken. As we sat there,
 he with his hand bent as only the
 best say abroad, he leaning back and
 looking out through the slit, and we
 were no longer partners, no longer
 good friends, and nothing more in the
 world. (pp. 243-4)

That a safari and a friendship should, for all purposes,
 end upon the agonizing sight of McCole bowing his head
 against the narrator's eyes came from the significant cir-
 cumstances that complicate McCole's neglect of the gun. Such
 neglect constitutes the most serious breach in the guide's
 devotion to the safari, for McCole's stated function has been
guiding to the narrator. After the buffalo hunt in
 Drugg's country (p. 118-19), it was McCole's familiarity with
 this twentieth century method, juxtaposed against Drugg's
 unfamiliarity, that initiated the expediency of the safari
 guide over the yachting one. The expediency of a survival
 situation involving skill with a weapon again signals a
 shift in the narrative, but this time away from McCole. The

vision that divides separated and guide again added import when we realize that its apparent source, the rain along the middle of the rift, in fact results from the identical phenomenon that brought the two men together. The rain that unites the narrator and his guide in the union of the two also divides, not only the metal of the gun, but the nature of their friendship as well.

A lapse as deep, then, divides the image of S'Qala's disillusion: the source of the guide's error emanates not from confusion, but vision. This picture of loss at certain crucial points in the action has characterized the succession of guide-tragic scenes, but does not know S'Qala knows, but does not see. The night of rain which precedes the run marks a new union as the narrator incorporates the vision of his mentor. But the union occurs in circumstances not conducive to further advancement of the narrator's growth. The story of that growth has always been visualized in terms of movement, in the language of the T'lan. Yet the clearest moment between S'Qala and the narrator has transpired in stasis, with the trunk forced to a standstill and its passengers imprisoned by its rain. The topographical imagery of Part III takes place along the backdrop of S'Qala's vision: Chapter Ten begins in midday rain, with the narrator in movement upon the road; but Chapter Eleven, describing the last day of the hideout and the uncovering

of the guide's slacks, finds the entire enterprise stalled upon the road.

McClell's vision has brought the expedition to this impasse, with the narrator, like the guide, just looking at the world, not acting in it. Just as the reader's absorption of anticipation and apprehension lies in his world view, so in his family. McClell remains essentially an outsider, not an actor--in the family of the world. The avowed journalistic in his downfall illuminates the workings of this guide. In Brown's country the gun served to validate McClell's competence as guide. In the country of rain it invalidates his competency for the next phase of the narrator's journey. In addition, McClell is only the bearer of the gun, not the director of its explosive power. The bearer may look with delight upon the spectacle of flames and the smoke, but he himself makes neither life nor death happen. McClell never kills during the safari; neither does he provide food. In this way, McClell floats in, out with the world. The values of this guide are those of a superb contemplator and he progressively passes on to a willing recipient the values of a mind wide-ranging in its considerations, more more responsive in its outlook. But his limits lie in these very values of the power of contemplation itself. He experienced by the narrator of Green Hills of Africa. In the journey this gun which intellect alone will suffice only as far. By the end of these parts and almost chapters of Stage Africa.

the outward wanderer/moderer has integrated Koolha's
view of the journey with K'Gala's model of the mind,
equipped now with body and mind, the wanderer/artist leaves
behind the mind of K'Gala for the third and most challeng-
ing phase of his personal journey--the virgin land, the
country of the imagination.

PAGE 17
IN THE SITE OF THE DISCANTATION

The Storm in the Landscape

The advent of the rainy season entails a turn of great transition for the land of Africa, from the smallest rains to the largest rains. The process of the narrative is lived on the crest of a changing wave of change, which breaks over the landscape in the onslaught of rain. As depicted in their pivotal four days between the dry and rainy seasons, the world the narrator lives in is characterized above all by fire. The physical reaction of the earth to the inundating waters indicates the nature of such change. The immediate consequence is, of course, the rust that sets at the metal of the traveler's gun, another is the flamed epithet, both chemical decomposition and structural damage being witness to the destructive force of the process of change. For while the rain comes down in the present, it simultaneously prepares the continent for future renewal. These seasonal rains supply the forward-looking factor in the landscape of Great Falls of Africa; their wings assure for the coming year the very greenness of the hills, as evidenced in their multiple, sporadic paragraphs, such as the onset of change brings both corrosion and generation to the continent of Africa.

Notice is the pervasiveness of this change reflected more obviously than in the first scene in Part IV. In the last utterance of the subject, majors have come to the narrator's camp bearing startling news: "So says," Pop began, "they have found a country where there are beds and walls." At this sudden release from what had been through a doomed enterprise, the narrator subverts out of the holdings of Chapter Eleven ("I've hunted this land, Pop, . . . I've enjoyed it and I haven't worried up until today"); lets the notion of Chapter Twelve as he leads out to the new, unknown country with the natives; and the ecological landscape as central to Part I has been washed by the rains of Part III. Now as the narrator moves through that landscape in the first scene of Part IV, three of the major components bring the effect of that change: the guide, the road, and the land have been either destroyed or transformed.

Highly significant is the change effected in the human component, the guide N'Gala. The figure of the African guide leaves here large as the safari where he met, declining from the heroic Oropi to the more fallible N'Gala. By the time of Part IV, when the narrator abandons the road and the land, N'Gala has become only one among a handful of less commanding figures. The narrator states of his participation in the narrator's growth above Dunda is the guide's relation to the women for which they all waited, when the

master and his party stride out for the lake and the virgin land on the first scene of Chapter Twelve. From the front seat the narrator "looked around at the back of the car; S'ole's was asleep."

The allegory guide has fulfilled the potential task-set within his time his first appearance on the narrative. From the moment S'ole's reveals his "bold black skull" and displays the "thin Chinese hairs at the nape of his neck," his exterior is always seen as Oriental token. The steady company, reinforced by his photographed duties as guide, serves as a constant visual reminder that above all this guide helps to guide the narrator within the world. When in Part III the American pupil internalizes the allegory, the association viewpoint held toward the world by his African master, he is then provided with the means to relate to that world. The vision of the Oriental African furnishes an internal epiphany for his pupil, providing some comfort in a world increasingly fluid. The need for such ability becomes paramount when the leading party separates from the rest of the safari and descends the road, directing their own toward parts unknown. As the party ventures out, S'ole takes a backseat and closes his eyes to sleep. In the blind and alone the road, the black consciousness has always acknowledged and valued the world passing before it. But now it closes itself to the world, the direction is suspended. The new lead S'ole's reveals greater distance

beyond the other guide's capabilities. Therefore, having equipped his pupil with a working legacy, N'Cola follows him to the vision of the Wandoroko seated in the front seat - 7 - and leaves him alone. The narrative, a more complete span of life, must answer the demands of the virgin's love.

The placement of the hunting company in the car reveals the shifting emphasis in the narrative as he begins to track the hunt. N'Cola has previously extended the strategic position by the narrator's side, first in the roadside diner and then in the wilderness track. Yet now one of the narrators who has brought news of the hunt and cabin occupies that place. The native, a Wandoroko trineeman, closes the narrative in the front seat. It is important to the development of the narrative, however, that one authority figure can easily replace another. Consequently, because neither his personal side nor a sickness is ever given as Part IV, the Wandoroko functions here as a personality and more as the condition the name of his tribe suggests; when the narrator returns into the virgin country, into the unknown, the qualities of the wandoroko/wandoroko come to the fore. This transposition of a Wandoroko for N'Cola indicates the active involvement going on in the narrative. An intellectual observer, N'Cola lives apart from the life observed. As the narrator grows into his full potential as an artist--unconcerned though's sensory health and N'Cola's mental

whereas the man that heaved the latter's lance passively to become an imaginative participant in the creation before him. This emphasis on participation finds its representative in the Wanderer, unlike H'olo, whose oblique vision comprehends an eternal process of counter-balancing beginnings and endings, the new nature--like the vision in Part III--turns to the future. He has seen the life and death, the magnetic qualities that draw the wanderer on. His forward-directed vision leads the hunters into Part IV.

The thrust of this vision becomes evident upon consideration of the role of the Wanderer as a group throughout the safari. From the very beginning that initiates the narrow turn--"We were sitting in the blind that Wanderer hunters had built of logs and branches"--the Wanderer functions as the narrator's predecessor in the journey of the road, the builder of fences the narrator still inhabits. He is the first artificer mentioned in the book and seems to represent all the people on the road, the various travellers who carry arrows and spears, pits and pans, in their hands. Their implements mark the moment when the circumstances of their wanderings set these people to wandering; the artificers are the answer of their decision to the challenge of the environment. The man who to manipulate one's world then moved the travellers to sharp weapons and movements, the anonymous Wanderer builds to construct the blind, now comes the narrator. He exhibits those values of mobility

and maneuverability that provided another analogy/analogy to realize its shape and structure the form in the landscape

Just as H'ODA, the human component in the landscape, undergoes change, so do the narrative forms. THE ROAD begins with the narrative structure by a structure that winds its way through the geography of various chapters--the road. With the discovery of Part III reveals that road impossible, and in the first scene of Part IV this image of man's presence quickly disappears: The highway's car launches out on a "road that was only a track," "only a cattle track." The hunters then pursue "a silent trail the wind-blown pointed out" until "there was no track, only the general direction to follow." Then, having broken free of the road and all outside points of reference, the party only started on inner reference, "driving with imagination and a road feeling for the country." As a form the road is a product of the past, its very existence the evidence of others who have gone before. But before the establishment of modernity, pioneers must walk the virgin land. If the trails they forged were advantageous, others will follow and the subsequent cumulative effect creates the road. But first must come the individual who dares to venture away from the path of the road into the future of the unknown. The road disappears from the landscape of Chapter Twelve when the highway enters the virgin land, when the road's

first, those dimensions render it an instrument inadequate to the scope of his undertakings.

Farther than disintegrating like the road, the second cascade born in the landscape--the blind-underground a metamorphosis--images of violence mark the narrator's trek across Africa: the Rift Valley, the Wandershoë Mine, the minefield test. The several promissories signify the narrator's intensifying involvement with the world: their construction shows man's advance in shaping his earth. A primordial vision commands the vista at the outset of the safari, the remote stage of the Rift Valley, which shows rock walls the where of Lake Malawi speak the start of the path. This forest hollow is an entirely natural phenomenon, complex and perilous in its domination of the countryside. The narrator and his companion feast on its abundant supplies of sugar and gum. The next week longer, the blind built by the Wandershoë, exhibits in its making an advance beyond the geological formation; it requires the qualitative rearrangement of nature by man. Wandershoë hands dig the hollow beneath the road and placed the logs and branches above his sides in an effort to facilitate the exploitation of another natural resource, the acacia. In the rift the stage of the highway is commercialized in the fertile shores of Lake Malawi: but with blinds that can be built in any bush or any place, the minimal rule multiplies to answer the needs of the human travel. The

warrior, following in the footsteps of the Wandersong, is heir to their responsibility to the world from the killed. But this construction never permits capture of the greater truth for which he searches, and is the ruin of Part III. Both the solution and the nearly killed are wasted away. The three extended days in altogether absent from the operation of Part IV. However, the Wandersong does not vanish from the landscape: the killed metamorphoses into the wandering hawk.

Throughout the African countryside, great tracks have dotted the path of the safari. For nine chapters the narrator has lived as an explorer that are both characterized (concrete-like, with flags for decrees and command given on the dining table, the most frequently mentioned table, and others large enough to accommodate couples). But a change transpires after the destruction of the killed by the man. The hawk that rises out of the flood in Part III differs from its predecessors. First of all, it is separated from its very conception, beginning as a narrow ground sixth period in the narrator's air along with other supplies in, III. And secondly, it is uniquely suited to the individual, when the narrator is situated on the road, the hawk provides ideal housing for this transient with its immediate response to the environment ("My ground about that was along between a tree and one side of the thickly cover"). This adaptability qualifies it for the exigencies of the hawk hunt, which is

manifestly an individual, not a communal, enterprise. Just as the blind herdsman no longer beyond the Rift Valley, so the blind herdsman best represents the blind. The blind herdsman a qualitative reshaping of the earth; the processing of earth into matter constitutes a qualitative transformation of the material universe. The end product of this process, a human person, traffics in its knowledge of position the task's identity as a material form. From a claim that earth the herdsman to a shelter that answers his every demand, the matrix proves a viable form for the landscape of Green Hills of Africa. The plural attributes of its most refined version, the ground about task, qualify the task for the world of change. It is strong enough to withstand the country of rain, plastic enough to go into the single land. With the retrospection of the task as Part IV, the herdsman comes into his own as a participant in creation, as a maker of forms. The herdsman/herdsman carries this ability with him just as the herdsman/herdsman carries the task. In both capacities this individual understands the means to create a world.

The Sign of the Cross

The Foreword to Green Hills of Africa issues an intriguing invitation to the narrative's readers: "Any one not finding sufficient here to interest is at liberty, while reading [this book], to inquire whether he or she

may have at the time." That a meaning "topologist" should introduce the subject of love in its second sentence reveals an unusual concern with that subject on the part of the narrator. In many ways, however, Green Hills of Africa is a love story. The "love interest" of the narrative is revealed straight away in chapter three as he and his friends are sitting in the blind at the side of the road because they have seen "long, heart-shaped, fresh tracks of four quarter hound hounds that had been on the trail the night before." Beginning with this first sign and continuing throughout the narrative, the hounds is always described in terms of the heart. In fact, the story opens upon a most propitious day when our narrator the taking of the February journey. One discovers that Green Hills begins on Valentine's day.¹ The employment of heart imagery recurs beyond the symbolism of the valentine to enhance the heart and circulatory system is a subtle symbolization of the processes of life itself. The narrator breaks the silence hounds to the "last hour of the last day" of the safari, for not until then does a greater hound will appear before him. Thus the "love interest" first raised in the Foreword has to contain the American hunter easy, easy African miles. Like the rains which provide the future fertility of the hills and the Hararibo whose rains leads the hunting party to the virgin land, the narrator's "love interest" provides a

major threat in the narrative, as is so deftly indicated in the homing pigeon "forward."

The varied wildlife the narrator meets in the course of the safari serves to prepare him for his encounter with the hawk in Part IV. The flight manual killed under Gossyp's eye, the roadblock, is an obstacle like the knife and functions as an antecedent and the more significant means of the species. It initiates the hawk imagery.

I felt like the hawk behind the wire-
 ing with my fingers and feeling it
 trailing under the wire clipped the
 knife in his it was short and pushed
 the hawk away. (p. 11)

Beginning with their initial contact, the narrator's effort is to get to the hawk, to grasp the living motion: the roadblock is a beginner's clumsy try, as the elemental phase in Gossyp's country the American hunter has much to learn. But he senses intuitively what is most important about the hawk before him, and he learns. After Gossyp explains him in the body, as dominant in the life valley weighs the effort:

we came on a wire back that had heard
 us, but not reached us, and as we stood,
 perfectly still, while holding his hand
 on mine, we watched him, only a dozen
 feet away. . . . He was growing
 pressing his fingers tight on my wrist.
 (pp. 118-9)

As the poet observes the wire back, also an obstacle, the native grasps the American's misunderstanding his pull. These encounters with the two hunted animals set in motion the hawk's new improving health, the proliferation of

heart imagery in the African bush country reflects the life quickening within the narrator. His heart beats even more strongly in the virgin land of Chapter Twelve when, having identified McColl's contribution as well as Grey's, he in effect beats alone. Montague had a captured rabbit to him:

[H]e could feel the thumping of his heart through his ribs, warm, busy, busy, and as I shrank his the heart, owned by me. (p. 114)

The narrator identifies the one indigenous creature while the other registers his heart beat. This-to-sure, the dying of the newness and his welcome's beat is here.

The territory which witnesses this encounter first receives his designation in Chapter Twelve. "This was a virgin country, an un-touched patch in the million miles of bloody Africa." (p. 111) Given the presence of Dr. Jackson Phillips, the safari's English white hunter, the narrator's use of Williams such as "bloody" assumes added prominence. A few German examples--"petrol" (gasoline), "big" land; "lark" (blackbird)--are thinly sprinkled through the text, but on the whole the immediate hunter foregoes their use. The two exceptions to this practice therefore serve to make their respective points more effectively. The first exception is the narrative, "lark," is used specifically in Chapter one to solidly identify Hamilton's vehicle as a European creation. The second exception,

"bloody," appears on practically every page of the text. Such deliberate adoption of the word by the American narrator, in the face of normal protest, demands explanation. "Bloody," of course, operates as a profane intensifier, but at one and the same time the profane term is also a heart word. When the narrator looks back through "bloody Africa," he tracks the sign of the heart across the domain of the heart.

The American hunter finally meets his elusive prey in the single country that opens up Chapter Twelve. In the late afternoon of the safari's last day, just when he has almost resigned himself to defeat, suddenly comes word of the sighting of the kudu. It is as if a hole opens suddenly in what had been a closed universe and the narrator shoots through into the universe of change and chance in Part IV. Initially the narrator brings with him the weight of preconceptions from Part III (his exhilaration died with the shocking end of this plain, the typical poor game country?), but the land surprises him as he moves on into the inevitable explosion of game that happens before him:

The grass was green and smooth, short as a cushion that has been worn and is newly worn, and the trees were long, high-trunked, and old with no undergrowth but only the smooth green of the bark like a deer park. . . . (p. 107)

"Fertile-green smoothness." "Lush green valley"--the virgin land is salaried by fertility, both vegetative and animal.

In his first impression of this land, the narrator calls it "a deer park." Indeed, he points in the text to his choice of words, promising "now to describe this deer park country and whether deer park was enough to call it." (p. 241) On a surface level, the narrator's choice of words is appropriate, since the landscape of the virgin country is related to the deer finally. But on a more complex level, "deer" evokes up "deer," a heart word. In the case of the hinds, the pun on "deer" operates in both senses of the word, as something beloved and as something valued.

The most penetrating awareness of the narrator with the beloved and valued creature of the deer park is, of course, his long-extended rendezvous with the hinds. In the "time long lost hour" of the safari, the hunting party suddenly meets across a stream

a large, grey animal, white stripes
sliding on his flanks and huge horns
curling back from his head as he stood.
Headside to us, head up, seeming to
be listening. (p. 120)

The narrator gets off two shots at the bolting game, then

was of us heard bawling as we saw
his standing in a clearing a spotted
puck about. . . : looking back, wide
ears spread, his, grey, white-striped,
his horns a marvel, as he looked
straight toward us over his shoulder.
(pp. 120-11)

After firing once again, the narrator struggles with a stag
and he discovers to be the first bull stag at the stream.
Then several people ahead he finds the second bull, who had

looked back. How prolific this green deer park! Not only does the curtain flashily see a hole after nearly exhaust-
ing his allotted time, but in an a priori specimen and there
is not one, but two! It is as if in addition to the unex-
pected new space of the uncutted land, the actual life has
begun to explicate.

The most extraordinary moment of the book occurs when
the second bull looks straight back over his shoulder at
the hunting party, as H'Gale explains, the second bull,
having run with the wounded first bull, seems to discover
why there are no longer fellows (p. 112). The image has an-
nounced progress as he turns strikes itself into the narrator's
vision. Indeed in a winning, set off from the first of the
stage, the bull stands precisely alone in its uniqueness.
This is the moment to which the other settings were pre-
pared, for it is neither slavery as with the notebook or
embodiment as with the other books. The bull looks
chiefly in its forward plunge and for a moment two living
structures behold each other in a direct and vital exchange.
The second does not linger--the bull at the sight is
already dead, and runs as in its fall. Yet in that case,
since moment the looking beholds his death, the lover his
beloved.

The Bulls and the Bulls

The HADDOCK's performance for the quaker hole as his
"love language" does perhaps more traditionally associated

clearing a hundred yards ahead." It is most significant that the place of this crucial moment is "on a clearing," a period, "clearing" indicates not only a place that has been cleared but also an act that clears. It is this verbal ambiguity of the word that enables the *hubs* text to pay off. The hunter's *hubs* story, for example, depends entirely upon his expertise in "clearing": "[I] supposed to stand forward to be clear of the bush, when afraid the bull would jump." As the hunter/hunter successfully clears his vision, so the hunter/artist clears his. His eye catches the bull in a clearing, free of interference from the tangle, free of human intrusion from the chase. It is as if that narrative eye thinks to wash the scene of all extraneous matter and space, vision, upon the long-awaited object of desire.

It is that one moment, "looking back, . . . his horns averted. . . [the bull] looked straight toward us over his shoulder." This direct, without oblique between hunter and hunter, image and sight, eliminates in a far-reaching vision of life. The hunter discovers the bull is motion: in the momentary turn of its flinch, and in the more enduring knowledge of the life as captured in its spiraling horns. Each turn, caught in the spiral, reveal more, from the helix of the huts to the arc of the hills, horns are the layered movements of life. Unlike sailors which are lost yearly, horns are lifelines bearings of the growth

of their formative experience. They require their shape from constant contact with a vital center, the hawthorn bush(-) which is the pit that wells up from within. In addition to the shape, the uninitiated shapes of the horns also provide insight, the horn horns is paradoxical. The helical provides incorporation a distinctive element of them. In their design, they give not suddenly, nor circle repeatedly, but giving. This evolution in their physical configuration also provides the appearance of the horns in the viewpoint of the narrative. The sequence in which various horns are placed at various times in the narrative provides a pattern: beginning with the simple hook of the rhinoceros, through the more intricate variations of the intervening horn hawks and lower snakes, to the complex spiral of the horn, the narrator presents increasingly more developed horns as the horn time he is adding new dimensions to his own experience. In the climax when he finally sees before him the spiral in its full complement, it is because he has had a proper foundation for it and can now be suitably receptive. This correlation between the hawthorn bush(-) and the narrator's experience is strengthened when he expresses the degree of his own life in hawthorn terms: "I've had a better time every year since I can remember." The horn horns prove particularly apt with their distinguishing through the comparative degree of "a better time

every year" suggests not just an annual accumulation of experience but a qualitative advance.

The principle of advance operative in the book form finds its linguistic equivalent in the part of speech most conducive to action, the verbal, which carries the book passage. The phrase "in the sweeping," which indicates the passage, violates the present. The narrator's continuous perception of the book employs the utilization of another verbal, the participle. These verbals induce their subject with activity, the capitalized book of the stream sports "long horse coming back from his head," "grush, curious, sweeping horse." The participle prepares the way for the triumphant leap the narrator makes when the hunting party makes camp in the virgin land. He stands alone before the prizes of his journey and takes in their full beauty:

From the white, closely picked spruce
the horse roan in view appears that
spreading with a turn, another turn,
and then curved deliberately in to them
smooth, ivory-like points. (p. 270)

In the narrator's observation, the principles give way to the even more commanding signs of active verbs. The horse shows themselves right before the narrator's eyes: "the horse came in view appears that spreading with a turn, another turn, and then curved deliberately in." The spruce signify the upward-sweeping, over-arching impulse forward that has informed the story of Myra Hill at Spring from its first word to the end of the heart-shaped path and beyond.

These various, sweeping, spreading growths that rise, turn, and curve present a dynamic model of life--not of what life is, but of how it might.

When the caravan and her party finally enter the virgin land and set up camp in the surrounding darkness, they manage to sight the lake in record time: "we had not been gone ten minutes" when the first light appears. Soon after, the darkness that circumscribed their landing to the last hour of the last day falls, yet brings with it a full night of starlight:

It was getting cold and the night was closing and there was the smell of the passing hour, the smell of the peaks of the lake. Hank was not his own man as collecting all kinds of fish he picked up about the lake. They turned them and looked them, and there was much talking (p. 120)

It is fitting that this land, more than any other, should witness as a destined of death. Like the redoubt before it, the body of the lake provides nourishment for the hunters who have brought down their prey. The lake is the gift of the green hills. From the rains that fall yearly the grass grows and turns the land to green; on that luxury the lake feeds, and they in turn nourish man. This transformation of energies, from the plant life of the green hills, to the quivering animals, to the voraciously man, marks more and more complex stages in the mighty scheme of earth's

regeneration of life with life. But the Festival of the Gods does not end with ritual scenes. In the same time highway and lanes crowded over the open fire actively the narrator/ hunter's images, the bones of the gods furnish authorial commentary for the narrator/artist. This revitalizing property of the bones is stressed by their designation as a ritual feast; their colors are cast in terms of food language, "brown as velvet meats" and "the color of black velvet meats," before their sacrifice, the Festival of the Gods inaugurates the narrator's life span as not closed as all is sleep that night.

The narrator's quest for Gods ends with darkness, as the hunters feed upon the killings of the day. The festival of the Gods brings to a close the fourth day of the present time of the narrative, the day designated is the first few years of Young King of Africa as the end of the safari. But this original time block of four days suddenly closes up in Part IV. The bones of the narrator's world have already expanded to include the new space of the Virginia land; now they yield for an additional day, a new animal, and a human chapter. It is highly significant that the rupture of the long-range/old bone does not silence the narrator's bones. Such an unexpected turn in the timing of the story demands attention. The words that herald the discovery of the bone's home provide a clue to this attention:

as Top translates for the Wanderer. "They have found a meadow where there are beds and walls." Thus from the first the virgin land is identified as the home of the walls as well as the beds. Explicit is the Wanderer's founding vision, and borne out is the subsequent realization of that vision, in that coupling of the bed-in-bearing beds with the other metaphors. Within space is then glimpsed by the narrator outside the virgin land, while within its grounds both flourish. The equal emphasis upon each one of the metaphors reinforces the structure of the narrative as well as of the two chapters comprising Part IV. Chapter Twelve deals with the beds on the afternoon of the fourth day, and Chapter Thirteen covers the walls on the fifth.

Chapter Twelve has established the first metaphor, the grey-and-white beds, as a symbol of life. In Chapter Thirteen the dark twin, the walls, becomes the champion of death. The narrator's first glimpse of the walls parallels his initial meeting with the beds: "I saw the dark, heavy-built metaphors with sinister-like forms every head staring at us." In the direction of the sunset two fastures stand out that are unique to the dark metaphors—the color and its tones. The striking blackness of the walls, the only metaphors in *Woods Hills* with this hue, immediately calls up connotations of death. The word's very name is synonymous with black, and phrases such as "dead black" and "black as hell" in the narrator's descriptions reinforce funeral associations. In

SHEDDING to the colors of the earth, the bones also confirm the identification with death. The "two great curves nearly touching the middle of [the subject's] back" emphasize the dark coloring of the coat. More profoundly, the fascination of the horse in the survival of the animal is recalled when the adjective "ominous-like" compares their size to a weapon. Even in the signature of mourning and armed with a death-dealing cross, the writer satisfies the anxiety of death.

The thematic and structural centrality of the dark envelope brings into prominence a concern central to the narrative, the phenomena of death. One of the author's guides provides a key insight about these lines in Chapter Five in the tracking of the writer buffalo: "Hufai" H'Yain said, making the word for dead almost explosive in its force." This remarkable pronouncement carries implications crucial to the narrator's story. Death is WUOON HUIA-ai Afiana (4), as indicated by the verbal expression H'Yain gives it, an explosive phenomenon. The informing vision of the narrative becomes destruction to be an dynamic, necessary and valid a part of experience as preservation or generation. The names with which this discourse with death is most completely marked out is in the image of the modern day scientist, the gun, the artifact which delivers this explosive force into the hands of the hunter. The answer to the power that the gun offers comes with further with a demanding question: how does one control this power?

The officials of each nation toward the gun reveals his viewpoint toward his larger phenomenon of death in the world. Kennedy, the representative of European organization, does not fire a shot in Group II. As evidenced by his participation in the common war effort, he prefers the group reaction of this power and the concomitant organizational decisions that buffer him from facing death as an individual. When Kennedy meets the warrior on the road in Chapter One, the European critic the American hunter's willingness to deal directly in death--while dining off Greek poultry at the warrior's table and sporting conspicuous leather shoes. Kennedy's reaction to the dilemma of death is to refuse to confront the questions his pursuit is and whose image he presents in the warrior's camp without this salient oversight. In contrast to the American expansion, the native Africans exhibit a much more emotional approach. For Kwame and O'Falla, the gun has functioned as the supreme test of their fitness to guide the WARDEN through the land of Africa. Their proficiency determines their span of influence. The Doctor's failure to master the changes at the border of his country aids Groupy's domination of Part II; the latter's inability in safeguarding the rifle from the male snake M'Cola's assault in Part III. For both Groupy and M'Cola are linked to the role of gun; they do not follow the road they carry. The role

of discharge of the gun's explosive power is reserved to the narrator.

The American has shot well throughout the safari, beginning with the antelope and ending and culminating with the bull. Within the framework of events that is verges on the mythical, it seems there is nothing the American can't do. Not on the fifth day of the safari when the narrator and his party take up the trail of the dark game, this means vengeance. The bull has appeared before the narrator in the clearing within ten minutes of his waking camp in the virgin land. But the bull must be tracked for hours, forcing the hunting party to scramble through scrubby hills. Worst of all is the shooting. The first female animal in the entire safari is mistakenly killed, and the unexpected white bull is not killed but severely wounded. The resultant chase after the bull culminates in a peak of physical punishment and mental frustration for the narrator. Some lost, neither he nor any of his guides can follow the trail of the wounded bull.

The unfortunate white bull, accompanied by a dark man and horse, teaches the man who follows the narrator with a confused lesson of human evil. When the narrator mortally, and inevitably any process of an afterlife, the animal kills him. The narrator subjects such an image as lover of being a part of the present action--and participation in that action entails mortality, linear, final. After the

represents encounter with the gods, the gods have provided just such an encounter in LIMBO, in the mansion the American tourist is momentarily overwhelmed with thoughts of escape, thinking nervously about the "backlogs" of America and his planned return to "unspoiled" Africa by F.O.B. But by the time the bushing party has driven the fifty-five miles into the deeppark to where Pop and F.O.B. are camped, the traveler has captured himself of this nostalgic self-indulgence. These illusions are shattered, along with any desire to transcend the world, in the opening of the dark entanglements.

Instead, the narrower field has now opened to the question of death in the final moments before the party abandons the deeppark camp. His latest resolution of this problem finds expression in the image that Williams has kept in the virgin land and that he carries with him as he leaves its uncharted spaces for the glories of the road:

From the white, closely packed shells
the lizard came to view spirals that
spreaded wide a bare, another bare,
and also curved delicately into those
mouth, ivory-like points. One pair
was narrower and taller against the
side of the bay. The other was slanted
as tall but wider in spread and heavier
in form. They were the color of black
without teeth and they were beautiful
to see. I went over and stood the
springfield against the hut between
them and the lips reached past the
margin of the cliffs. (p. 147)

The lizard eye, of course, the position between them and the

Kada, gifts of the virgin land, their reaching and curving "beautiful to see." But in this element of the image the survivor sits another, placing between the two Kada horns the artifact that made possible their capture. In this juxtaposition of horns and gun lies the narrator's solution. To one again the weapon, the death-making rifle, stands in place of the other, unattainable trophy and weapon, the kada's selector horn. But in a more subtle and thorough-going sense these Kada horns are vividly present in the belated composition after all. Their distinctive dark color takes up the hue of the spiraling Kada widows, and their geometric configuration of the new comprises half a "colored" evolution. That by color and by shape the Kada horn incorporates the kada horn itself.

The same act of integration occurs with the Springfield rifle. Here for a momentary instant upon arrival at Pop's camp, the rifle the gun forms with the Kada horns marks its last appearance in green hills. Placed side by side with the pair of horns, the line of the rifle parallels the path of the horns, is similar to the explosive power potential as the gun complements the throwing of the bullet. In set out in this final image, the stretched scene to see that life does not reject death or separate itself from it; rather, just as the larger Kada horns encompass the shorter gun in their spread program, so life incorporates death and goes on. Victory in this integration must complete

that is the particular virtue that the narrative inherits from the horns. Shared like the vision of rebirth, the "Springfield" captures the vivid interplay between death and renewal:

* * * * *

As the narrator stands before the both horns and the gun, his eye travels the length of both, moving from the darker blacks and browns to the "ivory-like points." The allusion to ivory furnishes, of course, a direct sense-making of the value of the horns. From the very first sight of the safari a major source of ivory, the African elephant, has crossed the expedition's trail, striking the landscape with its herbage (pp. 29, 349-50). But the elephant came with cover where ivory is neither natural fact. This well-defined absence of elephants from the safari sheds light upon the violent operation in Green Hills. In the beginning of the narrative when the American hunter tells Huxford that he is an African "shooting," the European acknowledges, "Not ivory, I hope." "No. For both," the narrator replies. But later in the same conversation he tells Huxford that he could "kill a big enough [elephant] . . . a seventy pounder. Right smaller." This spell of ineffectuality proves prophetic, for in the end the narrator does indeed shoot the ivory-but not for that of the elephants. The medals of the big game trophy and the monetary worth of the horns may well lure other hunters on other safaris, but on the narrator's

private quest through the hills of Africa those public considerations are dropped as impractical in the present situation. Instead he ventures after, and wins, the real ivory of Green Hills. The narrator/reader takes home the ivory polished balls, although his poles are hurt by the horns--"the blondest, whitest, darkest, longest-curving, kindest, most unbelievable pale of both horns"--and his search is the tribute to Pop's map. The superlative domain of Bari's modern modernism were again that for the surrealist the value of his horns lies not in their significance of public success, but rather in their function as image in rendering his story of individual growth. And it is as an image in the service of the creative imagination that the horns climb the African skyward beyond the tent a line drawing of a triumphant horn ball, millions "The End" across the last page of the narrative. This flourish of the horns at the end of the narrator's linguistic quest validates the achievement of that quest; the immediate work of art is the narrator's true trophy. Green Hills of Africa the ivory.

Notes to Page 17

²Young newspaper, South Side of Africa, New York,
Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914, p. 111

"We had only three days more because the rains were coming south each day from Senegal and unless we were prepared to stop where we were through the rains we must be out as far as Bamako before they came. We had no the intervention of February as the best safe day to leave."

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I certify that I have read this study and that in my opinion it conforms to acceptable standards of scholarly presentation and is fully adequate, in scope and quality, as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.


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I certify that I have read this study and that in my opinion it conforms to acceptable standards of scholarly presentation and is fully adequate, in scope and quality, as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.


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I certify that I have read this study and that in my opinion it conforms to acceptable standards of scholarly presentation and is fully adequate, in scope and quality, as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.


Jim Clark
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I certify that I have read this study and that in my opinion it conforms to acceptable standards of scholarly presentation and is fully adequate, in scope and quality, as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.


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I certify that I have read this study and that in my opinion, its contents are acceptable standards of scholarly presentation and is fully adequate, in scope and quality, as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.



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